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Poetry.

A CULPRIT.

The maiden aunt, in her straight-backed chair,
With a flush on her pale and wrinkled cheek,
And a horrified, mortified, mystified air,
Was just about to speak.

And the maiden niece—a nice little maid—
Stood meekly twirling her thumbs about,
With a half-triumphant, half-afraid
And wholly bewitching pout.

Said the maiden aunt: "Will you please explain
What your heads are doing so close together?
You could easily, I assure you, Jane,
Have knocked me down with a feather!

"When I think of your bringing up—my care,
My scrupulous care—and it's come to this! You
Appeared to be sitting calmly there,
And letting a young man KISS you!

"Now tell me at once just what he said,
And what you replied. This is quite a trial,
So do not stand there and hang your head,
Or attempt the least denial!

"If I catch you once more in such a—fix,
Though you are eighteen, I can tell you, Jane,
I shall treat you just as if you were six,
And send you to school again!

"Are you going to tell me what he said
And what you said? I'll not stand this trifling.
So look at me, Jane! Lift up your head!
Don't look as if you were sniffing!"

Her voice was shaken—of course, with fear:
"He said—he said, 'Will you have me, Jane?'
And I said I would. But indeed, aunt, dear,
We'll never do so again!"
—Margaret Vandegrift.

THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of memory,
There lies the land long lost to me,
The land of Used-to-Be.

A land enchanted, such as swung
In golden seas when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in their mystic tongue,
That dazed men with its melody;
O, such a land, with such a sea,
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-Be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with bells of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me;
Lost laughter ripples limpidly
From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-to-Be.

O land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shining fields and shady spots,
Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,
And all the blooms that cunningly
Lift their faces up to me
Out of the past; I kiss in thee
The lips of Used-to-Be.

I love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmeringly on the skies,
My blessings like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies,
Sweeter than any song to me,
Sweeter than any melody
Or its sweet echo, yea, all three,
My dreams of Used-to-Be.
—James Whitcomb Riley, in the Indianapolis Journal.

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

"Six cents for dinner is enough
For any man that's brainy,
Two cents for mush, two cents for milk,
Two cents for miscellany.
Four cents for breakfast, four for tea,
Was all a fellow needed;
'Twas all Jack wanted, and no man
Needs any more than he did.

"Besides," said Jack, "men spend for clothes,
And such extravagances,
Good money that should never be
Spent on such foolish fancies.
An old meal bag for pantaloons,
A bedtick for a jacket,
And for suspenders a good rope
Will quite stand any racket.

"I live on seventy cents a week,
Go visiting on Sunday,
And if they feed me pretty full,
I have enough on Monday.
So fifty dollars in the year
Is all I spend for living,
But put my money in the bank
And render up thanksgiving."

Jack died and left his nephew Bill
Nine hundred thousand dollars,
And Bill he spent a thousand quick
For neckties and for collars.
He raised his money right and left
On horses, Maude, and Jenny,
And one year from his uncle's death
He wasn't worth a penny.
—Sam. Walter Foss, in the Yankee Blade.

THE FEMALE LAWYER'S LULL ABY

Be still, my child, remain in statu quo,
While I propel thy cradle to and fro,
Let no involved res inter alios
Prevail while we are consulting inter nos.

Was that a little pain in medias res?—
Too bad! too bad! we'll have no more of these.

I'll send a capias for some wise expert
Who knows how to eject the pain and stay the hurt.

No trespasser shall come to trouble thee;
For thou dost own this house in simple fee—
And thy administrators, heirs, assigns,
To have, to hold, convey, at thy designs.

Correct thy pleadings, my own baby boy;
Let there be an abatement of thy joy;
Quash every tendency to keep awake,
And a verdict, costs and judgment thou shalt take.
—Boston Transcript.

Miscellany.

PADEREWSKI'S DRIVER.

A Very Interesting Experience With a Hackman.

An interesting story is told of Paderewski when on his way to play one afternoon at Baltimore. Shortly before reaching the city he left the train to buy some fruit and chancing to find a friendly Pole in the vender of fruit stopped to talk, and when he returned to the station found the train gone. He was perplexed to know what to do, as he was entirely unacquainted with that locality, and besides knew what a tempest would be raging when his agent failed to find him on the train, says the Detroit Free Press. Glancing about the station he caught the eye of a hackman standing near by, who immediately accosted him with:

"Carriage, sir?"

"Yes, if you will drive me immediately to Baltimore without delay."

The hackman whistled. "To Baltimore! Why, sir, that is fully fifteen miles."

"Never mind. I must be there for a concert. Are you willing to whip your horses." This, of course, in broken English.

The hackman grinned as he eyed his two sorry specimens. "Oh, they can stand it. But where to, sir?"

At this the great artist looked puzzled. "Why, I don't really remember." Then, brightening up: "Oh, I know; the opera house."

"But there are eight or ten, sir. Which one?"

"Well, drive to a music store and find out, but don't stand there talking."

The man whipped up his horses, but the roads were poor and it was some time before they reached the city.

Arriving at the music store the hackman got out and marching in demanded: "There's a gent here as wants to know where that piano man is going to play—Paddyeski or something."

"Paderwiski? Oh, that concert is just around the corner at the —— opera house. But it's half over by this time, and you can tell your gent it's hardly worth while going now." Then taking down one of the huge photographs of the "chrysanthemum head" from the window, he said to the boy waiting: "Here, Bill, this can come down, as the tickets are all sold."

At sight of the photograph the hackman stopped short and exclaimed, "And is it him as is going to play? Why, he's my gent in the carriage!"—and rushing out he drove frantically to the place designated, fortunately in time to prevent the audience from dispersing.

As Paderewski hurriedly paid him his money the man hesitated and then said awkwardly, "Please, sir, I like a tune with the best of them. Could I make so bold as to hear you play?"

The kindly face of the great artist beamed upon him in assent and they went into the hall together side by side. It is needless to say that there was not one of that vast audience so generally astonished and delighted by what he heard that afternoon as Paderewski's hackman.

THINGS THAT CAUSE BLUSHING.

Sudden Action of the Mind on Nerves Produces the Flushed Face.

Blushing is not an art, as many people are too prone to suppose. Neither is it an absolute sign of ill-breeding, as some unkind folk maintain. The fact is, it is just as natural for some people to blush on one occasion as it is for others to turn pale on another. The same laws of nature that govern the

THE GIRL WHO BLUSHES.

one rule the other. The capillaries, or small blood vessels, which connect the arteries and veins in the body form, particularly over the cheeks, a network so fine that it is necessary to employ a microscope to distinguish them. Ordinarily the blood passes through these vessels in normal volumes, leaving only a natural tinge of the complexion. But when some sudden emotion takes possession of the heart its action increases and an electric thrill instantly leaps to the cheeks. This thrill, according to the New York World, is nothing more than the rush of blood through the invisible capillaries; the color is nothing more than the blood just beneath the delicate surface of the skin. The causes that bring about this condition in the

THE GIRL WHO DOESN'T.

circulating system are called mental stimuli. They consist of joy, anger, shame and the many other emotions. Sudden horror, remorse or fear, on the contrary, influences the nerves which control the blood vessels and the face becomes white. Blushing and pallor result from the sudden action of the mind on the nervous system. So, if the mind be forewarned and prepared for emotions, both habits can at least be partially overcome. But when the nervous system is highly strung it would be a lifelong, if not futile, task to endeavor a permanent cure.

It is the sensitive, nervous girl who blushes easily, while the girl stolid by nature, or who by education has her nerves under perfect control, rarely blushes.

BABIES DAZED HIM.

A Mean Imposition on a Bashful Young Man.

A tall, solemn looking young man entered the restaurant with a mild, apologetic air and seated himself at a vacant table near the middle of the room. It was evident that he dreaded to intrude. He wanted to get as far away from other people as possible. He even blushed painfully when he gave his order, and the most casual observer could have told that he was bashful, says the Detroit Tribune.

Just as his dinner was brought to him a buxom looking woman with seven small children entered the place. The head waiter swept the field with his eye, pounced down upon the table where the young man had sought solitude, motioned to the mother, who clucked to the chickens, and a moment later they were all around that one table. That young man's face was a serial story.

Other people entered the restaurant, glanced at the group, smiled significantly and seated themselves. "He doesn't look it, does he?" queried a pleasant-faced old lady in an audible whisper. "She looks at least ten years older than he," murmured a girl at the next table.

He flew to the hat rack, tossed a dollar to the cashier and tried to go through the door without opening it.

A Mosquito Wager.

Of an ex-Congressman of Florida and a Yankee tourist the following story is told: The Southerner proposed a wager of $10 that, bare to the waist, he could lie down upon the ground for thirty minutes during which time any motion on his part tending to drive away a visiting mosquito or other insect should be considered an admission of defeat. The proposition was accepted, and the ordeal entered upon at once.

It soon became apparent that, though mosquitoes in swarms were feasting themselves to repletion, they possessed no powers of annoyance so far as the honorable gentleman was concerned, and that the barking accidents he was a certain winner. Twenty-five minutes passed, and the ex-Congressman still remained motionless. A happy thought struck the tourist. Taking from his pocket a burning-glass that happened to be in his possession he focused it upon the bare flesh before him. The ex-Congressman stood it for a moment, then winced, twisted and finally, unable to endure it longer, sprang to his feet with the remark:

"Well, Yank, you've won; but if you'll bar yellow-jackets I'll go you another $10."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Two Sides to Every Question.

Father (to refractory 4-year-old boy)—You have been very naughty, and ought to be punished. Perhaps next time you get into a quarrel it will not be with your little sister, but with some boy who will be big enough to give you an awful whipping, and that might make you a good little boy.

Son—Say, papa, but I might whip the other little boy, and make him a good little boy!—Harper's Bazar.

She Resembled a Poor Negative.

At the Country club outing at Monterey, the other day, a lady who has quite a reputation as a wit was standing in the corridor, the center of a group of listeners, when there passed by them a young lady who was very slender and extremely decollete.

"Why," asked Madame, "does she resemble a poor negative?"

The group gave it up.

"Because," was the answer, "she is over-exposed and under-developed."

M'GIRK AND THE MICROBES.

He Drew the Line at "Unknown Animals at $1.50 Per Day.

Apropos to the present cholera scare a good story is told by the health department officials of a certain ward politician, who secured a position in the disinfecting station at the foot of East Sixteenth street. The politician remained at the retort where he had been stationed something less than two hours, and in the story of his hasty dehours, and in his hasty departure lies the story the health officers are telling.

The politician is Mr. Michael McGurk. His particular province in politics is unknown, except that he is a staunch adherent of Tammany. During the typhus fever outbreak one of the workmen in the disinfecting station was taken sick. President Wilson appointed a man to take his place. The Tammany powers heard of his action. Then the latter man disappeared, and one morning Mr. McGurk appeared at the station and smilingly presented his appointment papers to Inspector Reynolds. The other employes favored the discharged retort man, and decided to have fun with his successor.

"Well, Mr. McGurk," said one of them, "we are pleased to meet you. Take off your coat and hat."

Mr. McGurk obeyed.

"Now, here is an axe," continued his initiator, giving him a large double-bladed affair, weighing about ten pounds, "with that you must guard those holes in that boiler. It is full of microbes just over from Russia. They have horns and poisonous breath, and should one of them get on you he will kill you quicker than a stroke of lightning."

Mr. McGurk turned pale, but grasped the axe with a nervous energy and bravely took a position in front of the retort. Several spurts of steam came forth with a hiss. Mr. McGurk struck at them and leaped back. Beads of perspiration gathered on his forehead. More steam spurts brought more wild blows.

The employes gathered about, watching his agony for several minutes and then quietly filed out of the building, leaving their victim alone in the dark retort with the deadly microbes. They were gone an hour. Then they returned, expecting to find Mr. McGurk still striking at "microbes with poisonous breath." They were foiled. The tall silk hat and black broadcloth coat had disappeared with their owner. The axe lay on the floor. Pinned to the barrel head the employes found the following:

"Dere Sur—I don't mind fighting anything on square ground, but I ain't risking my life fighting nuknown animels at $1.50 per day. Respectfully,

McGurk.

The letter was transmitted to President Wilson, and the discharged employe was reinstated the following day. —New York Herald.

"SIAMESE" TWINS FROM INDIA.

Radica and Boddica, Two Little Girls to be Seen in Chicago.

The new Siamese twins do not come from Siam. They are natives of Orissa, in India, and the following description is sent to the Pall Mall Budget by a correspondent who saw them in Poona. They are to appear in London previous to fulfilling their engagement at the World's Fair, Chicago. The names of the children are Radica and Boddica. The two little girls are 3 1-2 years old, and are really pretty children. The peculiarity of their connection is that there is a flexible bony attachment from breast to breast, and below this there is visceral connection. There is only one navel. The children were born in a caul. If food is given to one the other is satisfied, and if medicine is ad-

THE ORISSA TWINS.

ministered to one the other is affected, but not to the same extent as the one to which it was given. The most curious circumstance is that when a sentence is begun by one child the other frequently finishes it. When sleeping one child lies on her back and the other on her side, which gives an idea of the flexibility of the connection. The children are very good friends and seldom quarrel. For their age the twins are particularly intelligent. They have been taught English for the last three months, and although they do not speak more than a few simple words, they seem to understand it fairly well already. The twins have excited a good deal of interest among the medical profession in India, and there is little doubt that their appearance in London and in America will be welcomed by the scientists no less than by the unscientific sightseer.

CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

Built to Keep Out the Barbarians of the North.

It is certainly a remarkable sight, this hoary old relic of twenty-three centuries, stretching away for 1,500 miles, over narrow pass, broad valley and towering peak. There was nothing weak, nothing cowardly, in its design. Clambering up slopes scarcely to be climbed by man, it plants its towers on the very summits of the peaks.

Winding away in the distance like a gigantic snake, it is now lost in some depression, now reappears, following the ridge of the loftiest mountain chain.

This wall was built in the third century, B. C., by the Emperor Shih Hwangti, the "First Emperor," as he was proud to call himself; he who overthrew the feudal system in China and empire. It was built to keep out the barbarous tribes of the North whose incursions were a constant danger to his kingdom. For many centuries it served its object.

The predatory people of the North seemed to regard the wall as a natural barrier not to be crossed in their forays, but the great Mongol Kaans of the Middle Ages found it no obstacle to their ambition when they wrested the middle kingdom from the Sungs. The Manchu chieftains, too, in the sixteenth century, found it a small impediment to the taking of Pekin.

What She Said.

"Tickle, false one," he hoarsely cried, "you are not a woman; you are a statue—a marble statue with a heart of flint. Unfeeling, cruel, insensate, you go on your ruthless way, over a path strewn with the crushed hearts of confiding men; as remorseless in your career of conquest as any chieftain of old, who led his cohorts to battle across the smoking ruins of desolated homes."

The maiden looked at him thoughtfully for a moment. Then, in a voice as musical as the murmur of the bereaved dove, she murmured: "Where are you at?"—Indianapolis Journal.

The Cow-Catcher.

Carruthers—I've just figured out what the cow-catcher on locomotives is for—it's for deaf men.

Mrs. C.—Why for deaf men?

Carruthers—Don't you see? They can't hear the whistle, of course, but by looking around they can see the cow-catcher!—New York Herald.

It Was Not.

"Is this a free traslation?" asked the girl in the bookstore.

"No, miss," replied the clerk. "It costs 50 cents."—Puck.

Our Serial Story.

Written expressly for The Toledo Blade. Copyright 1892.

A POLITICAL JUNO.

A TALE OF LOVE AND POLITICS TO-DAY.

BY W. H. BISHOP.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN IMPERATIVE MESSAGE.

Major McKinley opened his own campaign in Ohio very early, but the general forces at the command of the central committee were held in abeyance until late in September, and in the larger cities little was done until the last few weeks before the election. Professor McElroy and his daughter started out upon their first campaign tour very soon after Tom Bement's funeral, but in two weeks' time they were home again, the professor disabled and temporarily out of the conflict. He had not been overthrown and his arguments demolished by any of his opponents on the stump, but he had yielded to his old enemy, his throat difficulty. In this instance it was augmented and made more serious by a severe and obstinate cold that quite deprived him of the power of speaking aloud.

This temporary disarrangement of the plans of the central committee seemed to be particularly unfortunate, for they had depended upon Professor McElroy to inaugurate the campaign in the prominent city of Columbia the next day after the one upon which he was compelled to give up the fight. They immediately made arrangements to transfer one of their prominent speakers from a minor appointment in a distant part of the state, however, and the professor and Lide went home in happy consciousness that the broken ends were safely knotted, and that the world, represented at that moment by the central committee, was at peace with them.

But their peace was rudely shattered the next day by a telegram that read as follows: "The arrangement with regard to Butterberry has fallen through. It will be disastrous to stop the stop the meeting now, and equally disastrous to go on without you. You must come, even if you speak but fifteen minutes. If too late for the 3:30 train, we will send a special for you. Come unless absolutely impossible. Hanner."

"What shall we do about it, Pigeon?" the professor asked in a whisper, of Lide, who had read the telegram from over his shoulder.

"Answer that you cannot come, of course," she said. "Fancy your whispering in that way to three thousand people!"

"But my appointment has not been withdrawn. You know that I never disappoint an audience. I can at least try to speak, and if I fail the audience will then, perhaps, be more willing to listen to some local speaker in my place. I do not see what I can do but go."

"Send your speech and let the chairman of the evening read it," Lide suggested. "It would be a better plan than getting up and trying to whisper it."

The professor smiled at the idea, but it evidently did not satisfy him. "Perhaps my voice would come to me if I really tried to speak. Shall I go and make the attempt?"

"By no means!" she answered decidedly. "At least you shall not. Do you really think you ought to go?"

"Yes. You know the Median rule."

"Then, papa, I will go and make your excuses for you. I can make your peace with the audience as well as you can. They can surely get local speakers to fill up the time. Shall I go?"

Her father was silent for a moment. "You are not intending anything Quixotic?" he asked.

"Oh, no. Certainly not," she answered, smiling.

"How can you go? I cannot let you go alone."

"They can send a special messenger with the special train," she answered gayly. "It is too late for the regular one."

"I am not sure that you can persuade them to do that."

"They would be very ungallant to refuse," she said, still smiling. "Perhaps Fred would take me. Shall I ask him?"

"In what capacity? As the benevolent-hearted protector of a defenseless female or as a lover?"

"The first, as a matter of course."

"It would be a long drive for him, but I have no objection, if you can persuade him and there is time for it. You must remember that great services demand great reward."

"Then the matter is settled!" she exclaimed, immediately sitting down to the table and commencing a note to Fred.

"What about the reward, Pidgeon?"

"Do not bother me, papa," she exclaimed, blushing. "He will not expect very much."

The note finished, it was dispatched by the messenger boy, who was still waiting for the answer to the telegram, and Lide went away to dress for the expected journey.

In fifteen minutes the boy returned with Fred's answer. It read: "I will be there in twenty minutes with Barney. I think we can make it. Fred."

Lide was already dressed, and she wrote the telegram to the central committee immediately. "Professor McElroy cannot possibly come," it said. "I will be in Columbia at 7:30, and may be able to suggest a substitute. Have local speakers ready for the emergency in case the substitute is not acceptable. Lide McElroy."

"Am I not to see it?" her father asked, as she began folding it up.

"No, papa. I am the captain on deck now, and you are only a passenger. You must stay in the cabin and keep quiet."

Professor McElroy smiled but said nothing. He had not known Lide McElroy so many years for nothing. He fancied that he could trust to her judgment in this instance, especially since so little could be done in any case.

Fred came a few minutes later. He was surprised and yet well pleased at this sudden summons for an important service. It argued well for his hopes. When he saw Lide, who was usually dressed in the simplest taste, arrayed as for a queen's reception, he was still more astonished. As he looked in at one quick glance her sparkling eyes, her flushed cheeks, and the charming effect of her rich costume, he would have given all he possessed for the simple privilege of taking her into his arms.

But she gave him very little opportunity for amorous glances. She greeted him smilingly, and at once commenced explaining to him the situation in as few words as possible. "Is every thing ready?" she asked when the explanations had been made.

"Yes," he answered; "but you must remember to take a heavy wrap with you. The nights are quite cold."

"I have one ready," she said. "I am an old campaigner, you know. Are you as well provided?"

"I have an overcoat in the carriage, and something besides to fall back upon," he said, smiling.

She went in to take leave of her father, and Fred, through the open doorway, was the witness of a parting scene that made him fairly envious. Lide, not thinking of him, knelt at her father's chair in her old characteristic attitude to receive his kiss and his final charge. "Remember that you are to fight no wind-mills," he said to her.

"If I do, I shall surely demolish them," she said gayly, springing up.

As she turned toward the parlor again she became aware that Fred had seen this bit of domestic drama, and she blushed slightly. "He need not think that I shall ever kneel to him," she mentally ejaculated. But Fred would have been quite willing to accept the drama for himself with the kneeling omitted.

"I am afraid I am burdening you and Barney altogether too much," she said, when they were in the carriage and were speeding away at a lively rate.

"You are really doing me and my horse a favor," he answered. "Barney has been in the barn for a week and I have been tied up in my office for an equal length of time. It is a mercy to us both to call us out in this peremptory way."

"How shall I ever be able to pay you?" she asked, still intent upon her first purpose of getting this part of the matter settled. She did not propose to have any indefinite demands hanging over her from Fred Bement!

"For doing me a favor?" he asked. "You can ask for one in return."

"No, but honestly, Fred. It is a great favor to me." She was calling him Fred quite often now, but she was still exacting in the matter of his address to her.

"By saying nothing more about it then," he answered, repressing any desire to take advantage of her generosity. "I shall get as much out of this ride as you will. It is our first ride, with each other alone, you remember."

She blushed at the thought that she had been the one to ask for the ride, but she went on chatting pleasantly with him, when assured that the matter of payment for the favor was left in her own hands. A few minutes later she proceeded to tax his curiosity still farther, however. "I have another favor to ask of you, kindest of friends," she said. "Will you please think over your next brief and leave me alone with my thoughts until we reach Columbus? I have a great deal to think of, I assure you."

His brief, alas, needed the deepest thought, but it was not likely to get it while this young lady was at his side. Nor did he tell her that for the evening hours spent in her company, he would be compelled to exchange the wee, small hours of the morning.

"Is it a business matter?" he asked, in answer to her request. "Or are you planning some great scheme for making the party as subservient to your wishes as one Democrat is already?"

She laughed merrily. "I did not until this moment think that I was asking a Democrat to do the Republican committee so great a favor," she said. "But this is a still greater scheme for the overthrow of your party. I am not sure but it will demolish it altogether."

He laughed. "If your scheme is as great as that I must be dumb indeed," he said. But while my horse and carriage, and myself as coachman, are at your disposal, my thoughts are not. The last brief must in this case give way to a much earlier one." While he was generous in the matter of a ride, he was still determined that she should not forget that he was a petitioner at the court of her favor.

Barney was in the best of spirits, and the long ride came to an end more quickly than Lide had feared it would. Fred stopped at the house of the chairman of the central committee, but was told that he had left for the Republican headquarters some time before. A search for him there only developed the fact that he had gone to the opera-house, where the meeting was to be held. They drove there also, and as soon as Fred was certain that the one they were in search of was in the building, he left Lide and took his horse to a livery stable to be cared for. When he entered the opera-house again by the stage entrance, he was told that Lide was still engaged with the chairman of the committee, and he sat down to wait for her coming.

She came out to him soon afterwards. "Do you think that you will have the nerve to listen to a Republican speech?" she asked. "I find that my business will not be completed until the meeting is over."

"I think that my convictions will stand even that,' he said.

"Then I will ask one of the ushers to show us my box. I am a privileged character in these meetings, you must know. You shall share the honors with me, but I will not agree to give you much of my company. Great schemes demand close attention, you remember."

They soon found the box that had been assigned to her, and she went in and sat down with him. A large audience had already gathered, for Professor McElroy had many friends in the city, and his name was sufficient to fill the house on any occasion. Lide examined the audience critically and with a new interest. But even this deep interest was suddenly augmented for her. In one of the front seats of the dress circle she discovered George Murdock, and at his side was a brilliant-appearing young lady, whom Lide recognized as one of the prominent society people of the city.

The sight did not trouble her in the least. As she caught Murdock's eye she nodded to him and smiled pleasantly, and then directed Fred's attention to them. The two men exchanged a smile of recognition, the young lady, meanwhile, being an interested witness of the byplay. But she did not divine that Miss McElroy, with whom she was slightly acquainted, had had the first opportunity of becoming a Congressman's wife. After a few words of explanation Murdock arose and started for the box where Fred and Lide were sitting. Lide met him just outside of the box door on her way to the stage dressing rooms again. "How do you do, Miss McElroy," he exclaimed, shaking hands with her cordially. "Is your father here?"

"No," she answered, smiling. "I am on the altar of sacrifice again. But do not breathe a word of it to Mr. Bement. He is still sublimely unconscious of it."

He looked at her with something like envy in his admiration. "I congratulate you," he said. "You will have one of the finest audiences of a political character ever gathered in this city."

"Because you and Miss Seney are in it?" she asked roguishly. "I appreciate it I assure you. But now I must go or they will be searching for me. Good-by until I see you again from over the foot lights."

He looked after her in wondering admiration for a moment before opening the door into the box. With her order before him he would have been trembling like a leaf. But she was as cool as if she was simply going into a friend's parlor. He did not stop to think that this lack of self-consciousness and of fear was the one secret of her success, but he attributed it all to her strength of character and of will, and wondered accordingly.

When he entered the box Fred arose to meet him, and the two sat down for a moment. "Prof. McElroy will have a grand audience to-night," Murdock said, feigning ignorance.

"The professor is not here," Fred answered. "He is sick. I do not know what arrangement they have made. Butterberry was to be here, but it seems that he has failed, too."

"We will probably have a cross-roads oration, then," Murdock said, looking at Fred in some curiosity. "That is the way broken engagements are usually filled. I have had experience you know."

A few minutes afterwards Murdock excused himself and went back to his seat. "We are to have a lady speaker to-night," he said to Miss Seney as he sat down. "You must give her a royal welcome."

"Who is it?" she asked, greatly interested.

"The lady you saw in the box just now."

"Not Miss McElroy?"

"Yes."

"I never heard of her having spoken in public."

"She never has but once that I know of. She filled her father's appointment one evening last fall in my campaign."

"Was she with him then?" she asked, looking at him inquiringly.

He met her unspoken inquiry fearlessly. "Yes," he answered. She is a remarkable young lady. At least the young gentleman in the box, yonder, thinks so. I advise you to watch his face when her name is announced. He is still unconscious as to whom the speaker will be."

"Is he really?" she asked. "It will be as good as a play."

"Suppose we increase his astonishment by helping to make her still more remarkable in his eyes."

"By applauding her?" she asked smiling.

"Yes."

"Do you pay for another pair of gloves if I spoil these?"

"Yes, for a dozen pair."

"Very well," she said, "I shall earn them!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A DISCONSOLATE HERO.

After Murdock had left the box Fred turned his attention to the audience. He was always interested in the study of human nature, and he found an excellent opportunity of pursuing it in this instance. The popularity of Prof. McElroy as a lecturer had brought together a more appreciative audience than usually greeted a stump speaker, and there were many of Miss Seney's friends present who would willingly follow her lead in giving the professor's daughter an enthusiastic welcome. Interminglded with these in considerable confusion was the thoughtful workingman with his wife and daughter, the eager politician, the indifferent young scion of a race that had not yet entirely forgotten the patriotism of 1861, and the well-dressed lounger who came because a crowd was sure to furnish him a little excitement in the monotony of his low grade life.

In Fred's critical study of faces, the almost unfailing indices of character, he turned for a moment to Miss Seney and attempted to compare her with Lide McElroy. The one appeared to him to be a brilliant society lady, talented, witty, and undoubtedly gracious, while the other could be better described under the homelier name of woman, with talent, wit and graciousness equal to the other, no doubt, but with womanly graces and charms unknown to the society belle. The one was a belle and little more, the other was a woman who might have been a belle if she had wished, but who did not care a fig whether she was a belle or not.

The comparison was a very flattering one as far as Fred was concerned, and he turned with a good deal of satisfaction from the study of others, to a roseate contemplation of his own hopes. This was interrupted by the appearance of the chairman of the evening and a number of ladies who had been drafted from the audience to accompany Lide upon the stage. Lide herself, looked charming in her rich costume. She had removed her hat, but as Fred's eyes were riveted upon her face, he did not notice this as a peculiarity. She cast a quick, quizzical glance at him as she entered, but after that she quite ignored his presence.

The chairman of the evening spoke pleasantly for a few minutes, and concluded by reminding the audience that disappointments and surprises were the common lot of every one in this life. We have both a disappointment, and, I am sure, a pleasant surprise in store for you this evening," he said "Prof. McElroy, the one announced to speak this evening, is, unfortunately, suffering from overwork and exposure to such an extent that he cannot speak above a whisper. He has sent us a substitute, however, whom you will be glad to listen to, I am sure. I will not farther introduce the speaker of the evening, but will leave her to introduce herself in her own way."

Fred, still unconscious, turned quickly to the ladies on the stage to discover the one to whom the speaker referred. He could not satisfy himself, however. The typical lady speaker as he knew her, was not there. Lide had turned with a little flush to the one next to her, and had laid a hand confidingly upon one of her's, but Fred was dumbfounded when she arose and advanced, rosy and smiling, to the footlights. His first feeling was one of intense admiration for the sublime daring which she was exhibiting under the circumstances, but it was quickly succeeded by the thought of possible defeat and its attending mortification. So far as he knew she had never spoken in public before, certainly not before an audience like this. From his own experience in public speaking he greatly doubted her ability to sustain the unusual part she had taken upon herself.

She stood for a single instant surveying the great audience before her, and then, at the first intimation of the applause which the beauty of the picture was eliciting, her first words rang out sharp and clear as the morning bell. "Republican friends!" she said in a tone that was half an appeal. "I am sure I may call you that, for I assure you that I am as black a Republican as there is in this house." She paused for a moment, for the first encouraging applause, led by Murdock and his fair companion, was prompt and decided. It quickly subsided, and she then proceeded: "I can not say that it gives me pleasure to appear before you to-night as the substitute of another. People say that there is magic in a name, and I am sure it is true. And, therefore, although you will hear the identical address that you would have listened to if no change had been necessary in the programme, I would much rather that the one who usually delivers it should have been here to deliver it in this instance. And still I think that I can claim some proprietary interest in this address which it seems you are to listen to in spite of fate. I gathered most of the facts which are presented in it, and can, therefore, vouch for their accuracy. I even suggested some of the arguments, and I had still more to do with some of the lighter portions of the address, which I trust you will duly appreciate as we come to them. I also helped in putting the address together, and I assure you I put in all the punctuation marks that are to be found in the written copy. You see I am not entirely a jackdaw in borrowed feathers, and yet I would not have you imagine that I am casting any reflections upon Professor McElroy. I have a proprietary interest in this address simply because he is my father, and I am his amanuensis."

As soon as Fred's first surprise and fear was over he began to watch the audience to see how they would take this innovation in the programme and in political oratory. He saw, at first, many frowns upon the faces of those not susceptible enough to Lide's beauty to reserve their judgment for a few moments, but as she continued apparently telling a toothsome tale out of school, the frowns quickly gave way to a look of interest. Some even laughed a little as the story went on, and when, at last, she revealed her identity, most of the critical ones were so taken by surprise that they yielded to the prevailing spirit, and even joined in the hearty round of applause, which greeted her. Her victory was after all, easily won. She was in mental touch with the great bulk of her audience, and from that moment she did not lose her power over it.

No one was more surprised at this than Lide herself. She had succeeded fairly well with the audience a year before, but she had come before that one in her true character, and it was not inclined to be critical. In this case she had been compelled to win her way under the most adverse circumstances, and yet she found that she was able to wield the audience to her purpose as readily as though it had been a crowd of school children. It was intoxication to her to stand before them, and look into that vast composite face that seemed to fill the house, and to realize that almost every eye was eagerly looking into her own and every heart in sympathy with her.

She glanced two or three times at Fred, but he sat sullen, with his head held downward as if in offence or in deep, unwelcome thought. But Lide thought little of the indifference of one while thousands were listening to her ly overcame her irritation at his gloomy words in breathless interest. She quickbearing, and for the rest of the address she conveniently forgot him.

She made but one digression of her own, and that one, under her deep feeling and earnest manner, became the most effective portion of her speech. Her father had touched lightly on the temperance question in his address, and Lide, from this point, went on into the simple story of the temptation and ruin of her early friend, and under her skilful touch the story became a more powful argument than any distinctly temperance address could have been. There was no applause when this part of her speech was brought to a close, but, instead, the most eloquent testimonial to its effectiveness, downcast looks and tear-wet eyes.

When the meeting was over and the audience dismissed, those upon the stage crowded around Lide with their congratulations. Murdock and Miss Seney, and quite a number from the audience came also, and mingled their praises with the rest. "We did our best for you," Murdock said.

"Thank you," Lide answered. "I saw that you were rather enthusiastic. It reminded me of papa's first meeting in the Twenty-third district."

"But our applause, at least, was not paid for," he said, laughing with her.

"What are you two laughing about?" Miss Seney asked. She wanted no confidences that she did not share, between these two.

"It is about a very enthusiastic meeting at Mabeiboro, where Mr. Murdock was one of the speakers," Lide answered. "We ignored all rewards, through Mr. Murdock's confession, that the greater part of the enthusiasm was bargained for in advance."

"As some of this was," the beauty answered, displaying sundry rips in her handwear. "You must not forget those gloves, Mr. Murdock." She had beaten her gloves rather vigorously in the hope of exchanging one pair of gloves for twelve.

"I shall not," he answered, laughing heartily at Lide's public betrayal of his political shortcomings.

Among the others who were introduced to Lide was an elderly gentleman, who announced himself as a Democrat.

"I want to congratulate you upon your success as a lecturer, Miss McElroy," he said. "I am too old to change my political faith, or you might have made a Republican of me. But there is one thing that you have done. You have made it impossible for me ever to drink again."

Lide looked at him in an eager way. "Thank you, Mr. Secor!" she exclaimed. "That is the best praise I have yet received this evening. I am glad to know that I have really accomplished something. By the way, my escort this evening is a Democrat, and one not too old to change his opinions. Are you acquainted with Mr. Fred Bement?"

The gentleman turned to where Fred was standing upon the outskirts of the little crowd, having at last come out from his Achilles-like seclusion in the box. "I know his father well," he said, "and I have heard of him. I hear that you are becoming something of a renegade," he continued, turning to Fred and speaking in a humorous way, as he shook hands with him. "I can hardly wonder at it, however."

Lide's ears suddenly became acute. But Fred turned the remark off in a joking way, and as others were crowding around her, she heard no more of their conversation, and soon forgot the circumstance.

A few minutes later she was summoned to a room, where the chairman of the central committee and a number of other gentlemen were assembled. "Miss McElroy," the chairman said to her, "we wish to express to you our sincere thanks for the very acceptable service you have rendered us this evening, and we are also anxious that you will continue to fill your father's appointments until he can take them up again. You must not refuse us, for we are counting greatly upon you."

"Indeed I must and shall, Mr. Hanner," Lide answered. "You have already telegraphed that you could arrange the appointments and I shall hold you to that. It is my father's rule never to disappoint an audience or I should not be here to-night to act as his substitute, I assure you."

"But, Miss McElroy, such talents as you possess are given you for a purpose. You must remember that Ohio, and the world, too, has a claim upon you. I hope that you will not disappoint us. I am telling you the truth when I say that it will be very difficult to fill the appointments without disarranging the work throughout the state."

"I thank you very much for your confidence in me, Mr. Hanner," Lide said. "But I must refuse your kind offer. I am quite sure my father would not consent to it, even if I should. And that is quite out of the question."

He did not urge the matter further, but thanked her again for her help. "You have really been invaluable to us," he said. "No other speaker whom we could have obtained upon this short notice could have held the attention of the audience for twenty minutes. You see that you are entitled to a good deal of credit."

"Even if I were really a jackdaw in borrowed feathers," she said, laughing pleasantly.

She excused herself immediately afterwards and went out to hunt up Fred. There was a most momentous secret that she wished to impart to him.

When she caught sight of him he was laughing and chatting in a familiar way with some of her Republican friends. He did not wait for her to approach the group, however, but broke away from it rather abruptly and came to where she was standing.

"Fred," she said to him in a confidential way, "I am ravenously hungry and as thirsty as a fish. Do you remember that we have had no supper? I wonder if there is anything to drink around here."

"That sounds rather suspicious for a temperance orator, Miss McElroy," he said, laughing. "Do you prefer wine or whisky?"

"The purest of cold water," she said, laughing with him. "It is the most valuable drink I can think of."

"I do not believe that there is any fit to drink to be had about here," he replied, looking about in a deploring way. "Suppose we go to a restaurant and supply all our wants at once. I think there is one in the building. I believe I am hungry, too, though I had not thought of it until you spoke."

She was soon ready and had bidden her friends good-by. They found a restaurant quite readily and sat down together to talk of the luxuries and delicacies of life while they waited for some of the necessities.

"You are the only one of my friends who has not congratulated me, Mr. Bement," she said after their order was given. She was quite a little intoxicated with the exuberance of praise which

IN FASHION'S REALMS

OLD STYLES ARE BEING REVIVED

A Queen's or An Actress's Whims Gives Modes to a World—Some of the Latest and Most Fetching Ideas.

"Where is fancy bred?" the poet asks. "How is fashion made?" question we with equal wonder. Of what mysterious, capricious, and unexpected influences is it the embodiment? A great queen is born with a scraggy neck, and straightway the entire world feminine wears a ruff of tremendous height. A fashionable beauty with an exquisitely poised head twists her hair in a coil at the back and cuts it in a fringe in front, and the women of two continents are wearing still the Langtry coil with the becoming fringe in some of its manipulations. A French hand, hesitating by instinct to cut fine lace, gives a dexterous trim of festoon or coquille to the heirloom entrusted to its skill,

PALE PRIMROSE DINNER DRESS.

and every gown in the mode has a flounce with just this particular graceful turn to its lace, this same festoon caught coquettishly with its knot of ribbons.

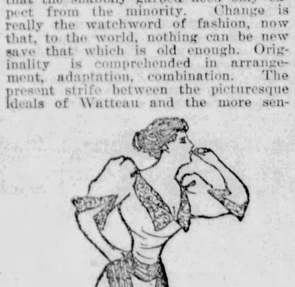
But how little is fashion comprehended as a serious industrial art, giving employment to thousands, exciting the highest skill of artists, stimulating the invention of manufacturers, creating vast industries, originating enterprises of value to the state and to its people, elevating and refining the masses, and contributing mightily to civilization and commerce! While we have been idly dreaming the summer months away, what ransacking of old libraries there has been; what studying of paintings, engravings, prints; what pilgrimages to examine old textiles, and experiments to wrest from ancient fabrics the secrets of their woof and tints; what copying of rare needlework wrought by princesses faded and forgotten, but living again in the work which their patient skill completed; what anxiety over the launching of new ideas to test the public taste, and all that we may take in thought as to wherewithal we shall be clothed, and still by a little nice selection from the tempting variety awaiting we appear always in modish garb, of which the most pleasant consequence is that it insures an amount of civilty and consideration in every environment that the shabbily garbed need only expect from the minority. Change is really the watchword of fashion, now that, to the world, nothing can be new save that which is old enough. Originality is comprehended in arrangement, adaptation, combination. The present strife between the picturesque ideals of Watteau and the more sen-

OF OLD ROSE BENGALINE.

suous forms of the empire now agitating the partisans of fashion results in most artistic creations for evening wear, embracing the beauties and despoiled of the undesirable features of the two fashion epochs. Most novel and striking effects obtain through the employment of frail lace with dark velvet in the garnitures, and Watteau daintiness of coloring and simplicity of construction with empire sumptuousness of material and splendor of decoration.

Here is a dinner dress of pale primrose poult de soie, cut in princess fashion with a flounce of white lace festooned with green velvet rosettes and set on beneath a band of splendid needlework in gold and amber and bronze. The gown is thrown back with green velvet revers edged with amber beads over a chemisette of exquisite lace gathered to a modest pointed band, frilled with lace. The sleeves are full and broad, of velvet at the shoulder, of lace frilled out at the elbow. Beads of fragrant amber are twisted in and out among the coils and puffs of dusky hair which crown the regal wearer of the splendid dress.

Another dinner gown of old-rose bengaline, wrapped about the faultless figure of its wearer, in seamless, mysterious fashion, has its skirt and train ornamented with applique of black silk guipure glistening with myriad jet beads.



RIVAL WAISTS

About the waist is softly bound a scarf of finest mousseline de soie in black, glistening with some magic shimmer, too fine for beads, but brilliant and sparkling.

In evening gowns the Recamier bodice and the Empire compete for first favor. A notable example of the former is of lemon-colored silk gauze, striped with black satin. The dress falls in straight folds all around, and is gathered at the top under a ruche of lace, to be belted just below the bust with black satin ribbons tied in a bow on the chest. The sleeveless Empire waist is cut extremely low about the shoulders, edged with a festoon of lace, which crosses the arm, but does not conceal the shoulder, and is tied in place, for obvious reasons other than those of ornament, with ribbon bows. The sash is a folded width of gauze, draped on a fitted and boned belt, and the mode is one which will be most scathingly censured by women with shoulders not moulded according to the Greek idea of beauty as embodied in sculptured goddesses, nymphs, and sirens.—N. Y. Sun.

THREE EVENING BODICES.

All of Them Are Dainty Enough to Please the Most Exacting.

To be fashionable, one must wear an airy something of gauze or chiffon, fluttering with ribbons and brilliant with beweled passementerie. It is fashioned in unique designs and is spoken of as a bodice.

The simple bodice is made of white silk mull, shirred to form a baby waist. The round neck is cut low and outlined with a wavy arrangement of duchesse

laces. The lace is arranged to fall over the arm. White velvet ribbons are caught in the lace at the front of the bodice, drawn up across the shoulders, and there fastened with a bow of many loops. With this bodice is worn a broad sash of soft white China silk.

The bodice affected by the society woman is an elaborate and intricate work of art in violet and gold. The gown itself is of violet peau de soie, with an embroidered design of gilt buttertlies. The lower part of the bodice is formed of this silk, tight fitting. Over the bust is laid, in filmy folds, violet chiffon, which is shirred towards the center. Strings of gilt beads are wound in and out over the chiffon. The neck is cut decidedly low. The airy substitute for a sleeve consists of a soft, graceful cap arrangement of violet chiffon, with gilt polka dots. At the shoulder the sleeve is held by two or three yellow roses.

Another pretty bodice is of a faint shade of baby blue Bengaline silk. At the waist line, coming to a point over the bodice and across the shoulders, are straps of a rhododendron tint of velvet. They join in a point at the waist line, where they are arranged to fall in graceful loops. The short sleeves consist of half a puff of pale blue chiffon, caught upon the shoulder by standing loops of rhododendron velvet.

THE BANK OF FRANCE.

The Renewal of Its Charter Delayed in the French Chamber.

The French chamber of deputies had adjourned for the summer vacation without having arrived at a conclusion in regard to the renewal of the "privilege," as they say there; that is the charter of the Bank of France. The discussion will be continued on the reassembling of the chamber, but the delay has caused some inconvenience in financial and commercial circles, says an exchange. The present charter will not expire until 1897, still it was considered necessary that a question involving such large interests, national and private, should be definitely decided one way or the other, so that the community, as well as the numerous shareholders of the bank itself, could not be taken by surprise. It is known that the Bank of France was founded by private capitalists, who secured from Napoleon I. and advantageous charter which made the bank a quasi-national institution, though not a state bank (popularly so-called). The charter was to run for a certain number of years, but it was renewed by different governments, which understood that while the bank was enriching its stockholders it rendered important services to the country. The present discussion in regard to the renewal of the "privilege" has already shown that the council of the bank's administrators and shareholders has agreed with the government to extend the charter until 1920, with the limitation that either party may renounce the convention in 1910. Such is the arrangement proposed by the minister of finance to the acceptation of the chamber, as the duration of the new charter. Other arrangements are embodied in the government's bill, after having been accepted by the bank's administrators.

The bank is to pay annually to the state $400,000 until 1897, and $500,000 from that date until the end of the "privilege" to be granted. The loan of $28,000,000 made formerly by the bank to the state shall no longer bear interest and the capital shall not be demanded, in whole or in part, during the existence of the charter; that is to say, until the year 1910 or 1920. The bank shall effect gratuitously the payment of any coupons of French rentes which may be presented at its offices; and the latter shall be opened gratuitously, also, for the emission of applications. The number of the branch offices of the bank is to be increased, within the next two years, in order to accommodate the public in ordinary transactions. The government bill imposes on the bank some other conditions of a less important character, and it is expected that the chamber will agree to the bill for the renewal of the bank's charter.

A Kentucky Moving Stone.

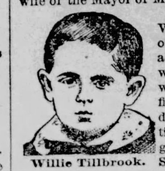
The "moving stone" at Lexington is one of the most remarkable freaks of nature in the state of Kentucky, the great caverns alone excepted. In the rear of the grounds attached to the home of the late Governor Gilmer is a huge boulder standing alone on the edge of a stream. Resting directly upon this boulder is another weighing at least twenty tons. This upper boulder rests upon a stone pinnacle not more than two feet square, and so evenly balanced that, although the slightest touch will cause it to rock to and fro, a hundred horses could not pull it from its socket. Geologists say that it must have been deposited in its present position in the time of the glacial epoch, and that the texture and composition of the boulder argue in favor of the theory that it was transported from the Lake Superior region to its present resting place in a good field of ice long before there was a single human being on the face of the earth.—St. Louis Republic.

Too Many Commandments.

When a Christian doubter goes seeking after strange religions in the Orient and finally bumps up against the hard, unyielding fact that most of them have fifteen or twenty commandments, and some of them a hundred or more he gradually comes back with the feeling that Christianity is good enough for him.—N. Y. Herald.

Scrofula in the Neck

The following is from Mrs. J. W. Tillbrook, wife of the Mayor of McKeesport, Penn.:



Willie Tillbrook.

"My little boy Willie, now 6 years old, two years ago had a bunch under one ear which the doctor said was Scrofula. He finally lanced it and it discharged for some time. We then began giving Willie Hood's Sarsaparilla and he improved very rapidly until the sore healed up. Last winter it broke out again, followed by Erysipelas. We again gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla with excellent results and he has had no more trouble. His cure is due to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

He has never been very robust, but now seems healthy and daily growing stronger."

HOOD'S PILLS do not purge, pain or gripe, but act promptly, easily and efficiently. 25c.

One in seven of all deaths comes from Consumption. That's about the proportion. And almost every death from Consumption comes from neglect and delay. There's neglect in preventing the disease—delay in curing it.

You can prevent it—and cure it, if you'll act in time, with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Poor and impure blood makes you an easy victim—a scrofulous condition of the system invites it.

You must reach the disease through the blood, and the "Discovery" does it. It's the most potent and effective blood-cleanser, strength-restorer, and flesh-builder that's known to medical science. The scrofulous affection of the lungs that's called Consumption, and every form of scrofula and blood-taints, all yield to it. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, and all severe, lingering Coughs, it's an unequaled remedy.

And it's the *only* one that's *guaranteed* to do what is claimed for it. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

SIBERIA NOT A DESERT.

Its Valleys as Fertile as Those of Western America.

Siberia, coupled as its name is with stories of Russian barbarity, is not the barren, terrible land of limitless deserts which fiction and the drama have pictured it. The building of the trans-Siberian railway and the extension of lines along the northern frontier of China will greatly change the entire drama of civilization.

The railroad from Vladivostock to the Ural mountains will bring that great Russian naval station within fourteen days' journey of St. Petersburg, and along this route stations will rapidly grow into towns and offer opportunities for new and striking developments.

Russia's enterprise, says the Hartford Globe, stimulates that of China, not only as a matter of competitive ambition, but for strategic reasons. The railways now being surveyed and completed within the Celestial empire are numerous, and to this end many foreign engineers are employed. Soldiers and convicts are largely employed as workmen, thus cheapening the cost of labor as far as possible.

The trans-Siberian railway extends to a length of nearly 5,000 miles, and it is expected to cost $200,000,000. It is divided into six sections, each section comprising three or more divisions, and the contract for building is given to these, thus employing a large number of contractors for limited distances.

It is a mistake to suppose that Siberia is a desert, or a glacier, or a mountain fastness, incapable of being made habitable. The valleys are level plains, and said to be as fertile as the western portion of the United States, and it is not unlike the West in the variety of its resources—in minerals, timbers and in agricultural facilities.

It is a marvelous treasure-trove of stored-up opportunities. Its wealth is practically unlimited. With the advantages of railroad communication and telegraph lines, a vast country is added to the world of civilization. The cultivation of the land and the introduction of all the elaborate machinery of enlightened life will, as scientists depict, modify the rigors of the climate, although in Southern Siberia even this obstacle does not exist.

PLAYFUL RATS.

They Enjoy Playing at Toss and Catch with Eggs.

"Do you want to see something funny?" said a drug clerk to a reporter last evening. Of course the reporter was not averse to seeing something in the humorous line, and so informed the mixer of pills and powders, says the Washington Post.

"Well, if no one comes in for a moment I'll show it to you," said he, placing a basket of eggs, used in making egg phosphates, from the top of the soda fountain to the counter. "Now stand here and watch the rats," and the newsman stood where he could get a view.

It took but a moment's silence, and then out popped a hoary rat, soon followed by three more. They seemed to understand their part, and climbed nimbly up a box about a foot high, used in covering pipes, and from that to the tray under the counter where the glasses are washed. Up on top of another box they went, and then to the top of the counter.

The first descended to the floor, the second remained on the box, the third in the tray, and the fourth on the high box. Seeing they were all there, the old rat on top walked to the eggs and picked up one, carrying it with his front legs, walking on his hind feet like a squirrel. He dropped it over, and it was caught by the rat beneath, who in turn gave it to the one beneath him.

This rat jumped down, and rolled the egg under the soda fountain. In this manner they carried down six eggs in exactly one minute, when, thinking the fun was expensive, the clerk drove them away.

"They will steal them by the dozen if I'll let them," said the clerk, "and we have to keep them on top of the fountain."

WANTED, SOME CHOCOLATES.

She Got Them, Too, and Several People Were Made Happy.

It was in one of those candy stores that sell ice-cream soda for 5 cents. Two or three patrons, who for reasons of their own find the nickel glass of soda admirable, were fishing out their glasses to the dregs. One of them was a plainly dressed woman with a four-year-old little girl, to whom she had given a generous share of her glass. Between sips the little girl had noticed some very enticing chocolate caramels in the opposite show-case.

"Mom, di me tum tandy?" she urged, pointing to the show-case.

"Not now, my dear; wait till we get home," assured the mother, uneasily and embarrassed, picking out from her purse the last nickel it contained and paying for the soda.

"Dey ain't no tandy home," persisted the little girl, her eyes filling a little.

"What kind of candy do you like, my little one?" asked a clerk-girl, who had finished her glass of "strawberry, with ice-cream."

"Oh, nothing, thank you," apologized the mother, starting out with her entirely unwilling four-year-old.

But the other understood, for she wore fully as plain clothes as the young mother, and had doubtless felt candy hungry herself many a time.

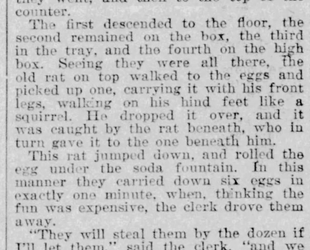
She insisted on buying the tot a dime's worth of chocolate bonbons, got a kiss for it and a grateful look from the mother, then started out to walk down town, for the dime had exhausted her car fare for both ways.

She looked a bit happier and cheerier, though, than the people who rolled past her on the cars.

CLOCK MADE OF FLOWERS.

The Curious Mechanical and Decorative Sight in a Paris Garden.

A little masterpiece of mechanism, and at the same time a model of garden decoration, is the floral clock which decorates the garden of an ingenious Parisian. The appearance of this oddest of timepieces is shown in the accompanying cut. The dial, which is not less than thirty feet in diameter, is composed entirely of choice plants of various colors.



A CURIOUS FLORAL CLOCK.

The hands which actually move over the face of the clock, are made in the same manner, and the whole effect of the arrangement is that of an immense basket of flowers. The mechanism which drives the hands is lodged in a large chamber built in the garden immediately beneath the dial. It is composed of the usual machinery employed in operating large clocks, except that it is particularly constructed to move the great weight of the earth which must be supported by the revolving hands. This is cleverly accomplished by making an ordinary clock train release a volume of water every minute, and this by its gravity operates the wheels that send the heavy hands forward. The whole arrangement is exceedingly ingenious and interesting, and, according to the Philadelphia Record, is the daily admiration and wonder of hundreds of the inventor's townsmen.

STUBS ENDS OF THOUGHT

Sentiment is glorified prejudice.

History's heroes were selfish men.

Contentment makes pudding of cold potatoes.

Idle men are as great gossips as idle women.

Every man defends himself unconsciously.

Bachelors are the unbuttered bread of the world.

Writers are the only cooks who love to eat their own victuals.

If a man's ability were as great as his discontent everybody would be a Napoleon.

There is one day in the week to go to church and seven to love thy neighbor as thyself.—Detroit Free Press.

A Grand Scheme.

"I save money under this new tariff on tobacco," said Binks.

"Tell us how you do it," put in Lathers. "I'd like to do it myself."

"I smoke one thirty-cent now, where I used to smoke two twenty-fivers."—Harper's.

An Unsolved Mystery.

Railroad President Cured in a Miraculous Way—Seeming Miracles in the Cure of Most Desperate Cases.

Boston Letter in Hartford, Ct., Courant.

On the 2d of last December Prof. Townsend published in the Boston daily Journal a lengthy article which has since been noted by many of our most critical papers, upon the treatment and cure of chronic diseases by a Boston physician which suggests the miracles of eighteen hundred years ago more than anything which has ever appeared in modern print. In this article he said:—

"About thirteen years ago the country was startled by the sudden prostration, under a shock of paralysis, of the president of the Pennsylvania railroad. Everything was done for this great railroad magnate. The specialists of Philadelphia and New York tried their skill. In despair, he went to Europe, and by the best physicians in England and upon the Continent was treated. He returned to America worse than when he left, unable to walk, to use his left hand, or to talk. At the earnest solicitation of a director of his road, John M. Kennedy, he sent for a prominent specialist, a young physician who was attracting great attention, and curing people every day without medicine, and in a way which many claimed was miraculous.

After a few minutes' conversation the doctor said: "Your hand is better, sir; your arm is stronger; raise it up." To the surprise of every one this dead, paralyzed arm was raised with ease. "Now, shut your hand." He did and for the first time in two years. "You feel better, now," said the doctor, but his patient only pointed to his mouth, signifying that it was hard to talk. "Yes, you can talk; speak out," was the doctor's quick reply. When from his lips the distinct words came, "Yes, I feel better." "Now walk," said the doctor, and he did so without any difficulty. This improvement continued, and though the cure was made, the doctor would never say how he did it.

The ten-year-old son of Byron Woodward (a prominent Philadelphia lawyer) was stricken down with spinal meningitis; everything was done for him that the hands of love and wealth could do, but he grew rapidly worse. After three consultations by several noted physicians, the family were advised that nothing could save him, that he was dying, that he was in death's stupor, and would never return to consciousness. In his desperation, and as a last resort, the father telegraphed for this physician; he hastened with all speed to the sick house. "Don't cry," said the doctor to the mother; "don't say your boy must die, I will stand between him and death, and, though gasping in the chill and gloom of the grave, I swear to you, that for your sake, by the power of faith, by the power of mind, in the name of everything that's good, your boy shall live." Then, placing his hand on the boy's head for a few minutes, he turned to the father and said: "Your son is

Out of Danger.

In less than twenty minutes the boy was sitting up, asking for something to eat, and in less than one hour the doctor was hastening to his home. The boy was permanently cured.

On Saturday, the 24th of last October, a gentleman living a few miles out of the city, a retired Boston business man, called upon this physician to visit his wife, who was dying. I will let the husband tell his story. "There is something very strange about this Christian or Mental Science, if that's what it is," said the old man, as his tall Virginia form stood erect in front of a blazing fire. "You see, my wife had been sick the better part of the time for three years with nervous prostration. She has quite a mite to worry her, and, take it altogether, it was more than she could stand. About seven weeks before I called this doctor she was taken down with the fever; our physician attended her with great care, but nothing helped her. She was burning, by day and by night, with an intense fire. The last eight or ten days her stomach gave out; she could retain nothing that was given her except cracked ice, and for

Ice! Ice! Ice!

she was calling every few minutes; she wasted to a skeleton; it seemed as if her bones would come through the flesh. My wife called me to her side, and said: 'Husband, I'm going to die. I have just heard the doctor say nothing could save me. I believe he is right; at least, I am sure medicine cannot help me. There is but one doctor in the world that can help me, and I am not sure that he can. Will you get him for me?' 'Certainly, I will, poor wife,' I said, 'but who is this physician?' 'Dr. R. C. Flower, of Boston,' she said; 'I have known him to nearly raise the dead, and I believe he can save me.' 'He is a Christian or Mental Science Healer,' I said. 'I believe so,' was her feeble reply, 'and that is what I want.'

"Well, I wasted no time in getting Dr. Flower. Without any ceremony he took a seat by her bed, placed one hand on her head and held her pulse with the other. 'What do you most want?' he asked. 'To get well,' she said, 'for the sake of my little girls and my husband.' 'Be calm,' he said, 'don't worry, have faith. I tell you, you shall get well; in ten minutes you will be in a perspiration, in half an hour in a sound sleep.' Now, sir, what do you think, she suddenly stopped calling for ice, in ten minutes she was wringing wet with perspiration, in twenty-five minutes in a sound slumber. As the doctor arose, he said to me: 'Your wife is well, don't talk to her about her sickness, she will soon recover her strength; let her eat what she wants.' She did rapidly recover her flesh and strength, and is today perfectly well.

"But this is not all," continued the old man. "My niece had a goitre on her neck. Dr. Flower looked at it, talked to her a little while, and told her it would go away in eight days. It disappeared. Now," said the old man, "these things look like miracles, if such things ever were. Dr. Flower says there is no miracle about them, that it is a science, and one of the highest sciences known."

Dr. Flower is the doctor who cured the railroad president, who raised from death the son of Byron Woodward, and has startled by his miraculous cures the world for the last fifteen years.

I visited Dr. Flower at his beautiful offices, No. 559 Columbus avenue; I found him in the same genial mood everybody finds him, perfectly well, perfectly happy, and with a faith in the power to heal in Mental or Christian Science so strong that you can feel it when you come into his presence. "Then you are a Mental or Christian Scientist," I said. "Well, you can call it so," was his reply. "You claim to be able to cure the sick better without than with medicine," I said. "Certainly," was his reply. "Will the cure be as permanent?" I said. "Much more so," was his answer. Rising to his feet, he said: "Stop, young man, we go to the root of the disease, we remove the cause, when medicine fails, we cure, and our cures are lasting. I would rather have a patient given up by the doctors as incurable, because then we readily show the power of the science." "Will you treat all kinds of disease, doctor?" "Yes, to a certain extent, but I confine myself mostly to chronic diseases; my specialty has always been chronic diseases." "You have assistants to help you, doctor?" "The best in the world." "So if absent, your work would go on?" "Just the same." "Will you take trips to the West and South, as you used to?" "Yes, sometimes." "Will you continue to examine the sick, as you have always done, by telling them their diseases, without asking them any questions?" "Just the same, for it is worth everything for me to know the cause of my patient's trouble." "Can you treat patients at a distance without having seen them?" "Certainly, many of my greatest cures have been made this way, but I would always rather see my patient first." "When you dismiss a patient do you give him directions how to live?" "Always, and directions if he follows he is not likely to be ever sick, ever be unhappy or even worry." "I should think you would form classes and teach others your ideas, that they may heal as you do." "This I intend to do."

For the past seven weeks I have investigated Dr. R. C. Flower's work in a most critical manner. There are two Drs. Flower, Drs. R. C. and A. H., brothers, associated together, and are without any doubt, if facts prove anything, the greatest healers on this earth. The elder Doctor Flower is Dr. R. C., who has startled the world for years by his diagnosis of disease without asking the patient any questions. His patients are all over the country, West, Northwest, South, and Southwest. He has upwards of seven hundred patients in the state of Texas alone. At the offices of the Doctors Flower, No. 559 Columbus avenue, Boston, crowds of patients can be seen at any time.

These patients are from every section of the country, and from other countries. Many of these patients are cured immediately, while others seem to require months of treatment, but it is a phenomenal sight to see the way these desperate and supposed incurables are cured.

With the Doctors Flower are associated other physicians and metaphysicians, in fact, for mental healing to medicine there is some one capable of doing everything known to cure the sick who visit this modern Mecca.

Dr. R. C. Flower has entirely given up the use of medicine. To use his own words, he would give his patient medicine if he thought he needed it, but that he can cure the sick and dying quicker and better without medicine than with it, hence the change.

Dr. R. C. Flower occasionally makes a professional visit through the South and West, during these times his brother, Dr. A. H. Flower, is at the office, i. e., both of them never leave the office at the same time.

Mrs. Reed, a prominent lady of Attleboro, Mass., came hurriedly into Dr. Flower's office, on the 16th of January, and asked for an interview. "Well," said the Doctor, "What can I do for you?" "My father is dying," she said. "The doctors have given him up, and just informed us he can live but a few hours; his life is sinking away. Oh! can't you and won't you save him?" "Don't get worried," said Dr. Flower, in a seeming indifferent way, "tell me about your father." She did so. "Go home," said the doctor, "without any anxiety or worry, I will take care of your father; he will improve by midnight." That evening Dr. Flower received a telegram "Father is no better." He replied, "Your father is better. You will see the change before morning." The next morning she sent a telegram "Father has changed for the better." The day following "Father is still improving." From that time this old gentleman has steadily imroved, and is to-day well.

"How did you cure this man, Doctor?" I asked, a few days ago. "I cannot tell you," was his reply, "and if I did you would not understand it."

Mrs. Mary E. Young, wife of a prominent business man of Bangor, Me., telegraphed Dr. R. C. Flower, Dec. 12, 1891, as follows: "My little girl is just alive with typhoid fever, has been given up as dying. oh, can't you save her?" As quick as thought Dr. Flower's answer flashed over the wire to Bangor: "Hold; I will save your child, have no fear; she will begin to improve immediately you receive this answer," and strange as it may seem the sceptre of death was broken at the little girl's bedside that very hour. Upon the receipt of Dr. Flower's telegram a change took place. That seeming corpse and withered skeleton began to show signs of life, and so much so that the mother was inspired to send Dr. Flower a second telegram: "Baby is better," and out of the shades of death this little girl arose most speedily into perfect health.

These Are Cold Facts.

I present them as they exist; I might recite hundreds if I had time. What does it mean? How does this man perform these cures? That he does do and is doing so all the time no one can deny. How he does these things he declines to say, and how no one can tell.

I have seen him touch a tumor and it shrinks, while in other cases it would take months of different kinds of treatment to remove it. I have seen dozens come to his office on crutches, and go away well, while in other cases it has taken months of faithful treatment to give them the use of their limbs.

I knew a woman who consulted Dr. Flower about a large stone cancer in her breast. The doctor touched it, and then turning away, said: "It will never trouble you again." I saw the woman eight days after, and the cancer had entirely gone.

I have had the pleasure of witnessing Dr. Flower examine some eighteen or twenty people, all strangers to him. In every instance he has described each person's disease in detail better than the person could have told him.

Doctor Flower is never excited over any case, and never seems to think that a serious case is harder to cure than a simple trouble. One thing is sure: he is demonstrating that the terms of sickness are not the terms they once were, and the sick man can safely feel that if help fails him elsewhere that still there is home.

The R. C. Flower Medical Co., of Boston, carry on in the most extensive and marvellous way the work of healing. Every kind of treatment known is given by some one connected with the company. From my investigations I am convinced, by the brain and skill employed, by the facilities for doing, and the result of my daily observations for weeks, that the Drs. Flower and their associates cure the supposed incurables of every kind of chronic disease in the most marvellous and speedy manner, and in a way different from anything known in modern times. These doctors never treat anything but chronic diseases, but in the treatment of such diseases they are the greatest physicians on this earth.

Any one interested in these marvellous cures should send to Dr. Flower for his pamphlet entitled "Health, Happiness, and Youth," which is sent free of charge on receipt of two-cent stamp. It will do every one good, and should lead the sick and dying into new conditions of health and life

Don't Tobacco Spit Your Life Away

Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about *Notobac, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form.* Tobacconists who want to quit, and can't, by mentioning the Blade can get the book mailed free. Address the Sterling Remedy Co., box 724, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

A Remarkable Cat.

A kitten became lodged in the fly-wheel of an engine in Portland, Oregon. The wheel ran for six hours and a half. The cat was taken out nearly lifeless, but recovered. The fly-wheel makes 250 revolutions per minute and every turn pussy pussy traveled seventeen feet. The engine was in motion 390 minutes and during that time the kitten traveled a distance of 315 miles.—St. Louis Republic.

A NEW TRUSS ON TRIAL.

We will mail for wholesale price, $1.60, the best Truss ever invented. If not satisfactory after trying, you may exchange. If we cannot suit you, will return the money. Write for Circular.

WERUM BROS., Toledo, O., manufacturers of Trusses, Supporters, Elastic Stockings, &c.

LONG HAIR AND GENIUS.

Prevalence of Flowing Hair Among Musicians.

Long hair was in vogue among musicians and artists long after it ceased to be worn by the rest of mankind, says the London Graphic. The long-haired artist with his velvet coat, his sombrero and his mysterious cloak, has altogether disappeared, and lengthy locks only linger now-a-days, with a few exceptions, on the head of the musician. Indeed, the luxuriant thatch would appear to exercise a potent influence on audiences, for it is said that in the agreement of a notable pianist about to go on a foreign tour, there is a special clause that he shall not have his hair cut. This, possibly, is an invention, but it is an extraordinary thing that musicians are well nigh the only people left who give but limited employment to the shears of the barber. It is also a fact that their hair flourishes better than most people's.

I have recently heard a theory that the great prevalence of baldness in the present day is entirely due to the constant close cropping which has existed for the last three and twenty years. If you look at the portraits of celebrities of thirty or forty years ago you would be perfectly astonished at the carefully arranged coiffure which meandered over their coat collars, and you feel inclined to begin singing, "Get yer hair cut," without further delay. You will also be amazed to learn that most of them retained their extraordinary growth to the end of their days. It is sincerely to be hoped that the theory which has recently been started will not be the means of the introduction of a race of long-haired men.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest, and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

"State Bank" Notes.

C. H. W., Waterloo, Iowa: The term, "state bank" notes, in political discussions at present, is used to distinguish notes issued by banks organized under state laws from those organized under the national banking law. As you know, the legitimate business of a bank is to receive deposits and to loan the money. The issuing of circulating notes is not a necessary thing for a bank. Under the laws in most, if not all, of the states, it is as easy for several men to organize a banking company, as it is to organize a manufacturing company. If it were not for the section of the national banking law imposing a 10 per cent tax on the circulating notes of all banks not national, any private bank could issue notes. There would be no security behind the notes but the bank itself, and if the bank failed the notes would be practically worthless. That was the rule in the old days of wildcat banking. Before the war there were numbers of these little banks, which printed out a flood of notes, and then failed. They were called "wildcat" banks, because men who were unfortunate enough to hold these notes suffered for it by losing their value, the same as a man who comes within reach of a wildcat's claws gets scratched. The term "state bank" does not mean that the state government stands behind their notes, for there never was such a system. It simply means that they were organized under state law, not under the national law.

Helen of Troy.

E. V. M., Durant, I. T.: Helen, in Greek legend, was a most beautiful woman. Before she was ten years old she was carried off by Theseus, who placed her in his mother's care; but she was rescued by Castor and Pollux, and carried back to her home at Sparta. As she grew to womanhood, she had suitors from all over Greece, among whom was Ulysses. Helen accepted Menelaus, King of Sparta, by whom she had a daughter, Hermione, and, according to some writers, a son, Nicostratus, also. Three years after her marriage, she was seduced by Paris, son of Priam, King of Troy, and fled with him to that city. For ten years, then, when suitors together for her hand, took an oath to protect her husband in her possession. To keep this oath, they took up arms to restore Helen to Menelaus, and the Trojan war followed the siege of Troy lasting ten years. Paris was killed during the siege, and Helen married Deiphobus, his brother; but when the Greeks captured the city, she led the Greeks to his chamber to kill him, in order to appease Menelaus. She then was forgiven by Menelaus, and returned to Sparta with him as his wife. Accounts of her death differ. Homer's "Iliad" is a poem recounting the story of the siege of Troy, and a much read classical history, and a translation of the Iliad. Our literature is full of allusions to such events, and no one should remain ignorant of classic literature. Don't ask for answers by mail. Read the rules above.

Whitelaw Reid.

C. P. H., West Huron, Mich., sends us a Democratic campaign lie about Whitelaw Reid—that "Grant disliked him and Rosecrans abhorred him"—that Reid published news in the Cincinnati Gazette that gave the rebels information of Union movements, and that he was ordered out of the state of West Virginia, by Rosecrans.

In the earlier part of the war there was much friction between the newspapers and all commanders about the sending of news. The generals wanted no news sent; the newspapers required the correspondents to send them the news, of course, and dismissed them if they failed. Reid may have had trouble with Grant and Rosecrans, but if so it was trivial, and not worth mentioning now. Grant, for years before his death, was a close personal friend of Mr. Reid's; and the other story, about Rosecrans, is utterly disproved by the fact that, after the battle of Carmifex Ferry, when this is said to have occurred, Mr. Reid was placed on Rosecrans's staff by the general himself, serving several months, until Grant's campaign on the Tennessee began, when the Cincinnati Gazette ordered him there, and he was at the battle of Chickamauga. The attempt to blacken Mr. Reid's reputation will fail. No intelligent man will believe these wholesale lies.

Currency Questions.

J. W. U.: A gold piece is worth its face value as mere metal. We have not a list of national banks by states. You can probably get it by writing to the secretary of the Treasury at Washington. The circulation per capita is about $24—larger than it ever has been before, at any time in our history. We published a list in the Bureau last spring, giving the per capita every year since 1860. The highest premium gold ever reached was 162½, on September 24, 1864. The destruction of old greenbacks and treasury notes happens every week. As the notes get dirty and torn, new ones are issued in their stead, and the old ones destroyed by a machine which grinds them into a pulp, at the Treasury at Washington. If you refer to the funding of the greenbacks a number of years ago, it was one of the steps necessary to bring them up to their face value. Our paper currency was too great, and was depreciated. The amount of greenbacks was fixed by law at what it is now, and the others were withdrawn from circulation and destroyed. Now, don't be ignorant enough to suppose that this was "destroying money." for it was not. The greenbacks were paid for, and they had no more value than your own note of hand after you have paid it and it is returned to you, and which you destroy or cancel by tearing off your name.

Secretary Elkins.

Old Soldier, Cumback, Ind., sends us a Democratic story to the effect that Secretary of War Elkins was a rebel guerrilla during the war. It is a malicious lie. Stephen Benton Elkins was born in Perry county, Ohio, in 1841. His parents removed with him to Missouri when he was a boy. He graduated at Missouri university in 1860, and studied law. He served as captain in the 77th Missouri volunteer infantry in 1862 and 1863. Then he went to New Mexico, was admitted to the bar, engaged in mining and stock-raising, and accumulated a fortune; was a member of the territorial legislature in 1865-66, attorney general of the territory in 1868-69, and U. S. district attorney in 1870-72. He was elected territorial delegate to Congress as a Republican, serving two terms, from 1873 to 1877. In 1875 he became interested in railroads in West Virginia. He was a member of the national Republican committee from 1876 to 1880, and was made secretary of War by President Harrison when Secretary Proctor resigned.

Width of Zones.

P. O. P., Salem, Va., asks: "What determines the width of the zones?" Any school geography can tell you. The axis of the earth is inclined 23½ degrees to the plane of the ecliptic. Because of this, in a year the sun appears to come north of the Equator 23½ degrees, to the Tropic of Cancer, and go south of it 23½ degrees, to the Tropic of Capricorn. This makes the torrid zone 47 degrees wide. At the summer solstice when the sun is overhead at the tropic of Cancer, the sun shines over the North Pole 23½ degrees, to the Arctic circle. When overhead at the Tropic of Capricorn, it shines 23½ degrees over the South Pole, to the Antarctic circle. Hence the Polar Circles an 23½ degrees from the poles. The inclination of the earth's axis hence determines the width of the zones. Only one question at a time, please. See Rule 2.

American Tin Plate.

A. J. M., New London, Mo.: You certainly have not read the Blade attentively. Within the past year we have published a full list of all the tin plate factories in the United States four times; we published, only a few weeks ago, the report of the Treasury department on the amount of the tin plate made in the United States during the past year. Two or three weeks ago we published a long description of the great tin plate works at Elwood, Indiana, written by a member of the Blade staff who was sent there to get the facts. We have published dozens of articles about Itone of which you seem to have seen. Go back and read the Elwood article. If the doctor who says there is no tin plate made here will send to the American Tin Plate Co., Elwood, Indiana, he can buy American tin plate by the ton.

The Frick Shooting.

W. J. M., Arcadia, Kan., sends us a clipping from a People's party paper containing the most unique lie we have yet seen. It is, that the attempted murder of Frick by Berkman, the German was a "fake," planned to create sympathy. The man is a scoundrel who writes or prints such stuff, and we pity a man who is such a fool as to believe it for an instant. The proof of the lie is the fact that Berghan was convicted and sentenced to 22 years at hard labor in the penitentiary, and is now serving out his sentence. The Homestead mills are now running full time, with a full complement of men, turning out as much and as good steel as ever. The machinery is not injured, and the whole article is an atrocious lie, which the writer knew to be a lie when he penned it.

"General" Stevenson.

Republican, New Albany., Ind., writes: "Please inform me where Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, obtained his title of "general," as I understand he was never in the army, but, instead, was a copperhead."

Stevenson was a copperhead, never in the service, and has no right whatever to the courtesy title of "general." He is called that by the Democrats simply to deceive voters. They say they call him so because, under Cleveland's administration, he was assistant postmaster general; but this is a mere subterfuge, as it has never been the custom to give the courtesy title of "general" to men who held civil positions, like postmaster general, attorney general, and the like.

"State Bank" Notes.

C. H. W., Waterloo, Iowa: The term, "state bank" notes, in political discussions at present, is used to distinguish notes issued by banks organized under state laws from those organized under the national banking law. As you know, the legitimate business of

Talmage's Sermon.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1892.

"Search the Scriptures for They Testify of Me"—A Sermon for Skeptics as Well as Christians.

Dr. Talmage preached in the Brooklyn Tabernacle yesterday, on his return from his European tour. He was greeted by a large audience. The subject was "All in All." Text, Colossians v, 11: "Christ is all in all."

Returned after the most eventful summer of my life, I must shortly, and as soon as I recover from the sea voyage, give you an account of our mission of bread to famine-struck Russia, and of my preaching tour through Germany, England, Scotland and Ireland; but my first sermon on reaching here must be a hosanna of gratitude to Christ, and from the text I have chosen I have found that the greatest name in the ocean-shipping, and from Liverpool to Moscow, and from Moscow to London, and Edinburg, and Belfast, and Dublin is Jesus.

In every age of the world has its historians, its philosophers, its artists, its thinkers, and its teachers. Were there histories to be written, there has always been a Moses, or a Herodotus, or a Xenophon, or a Josephus to write them. Were there poems to be constructed, there has always been a Job, or a Homer to construct them. Were there thrones, lustrous and powerful, to be lifted, there has always been a David or a Caesar to raise them. Were there teachers demanded for the intellects and the hearts, there has been a Socrates, and a Zeno, and a Cleanthes, and a Marcus Antonius coming forth on the grand and glorious mission. Every age of the world has had its triumphs of reason and morality. There has not been a single age of the world which has not had some decided system of religion. The Platonism, Orientalism, Stoicism, Brahminism, and Buddhism, considering the ages in which they were established, were not lacking in ingenuity and force. Now, in this line of beneficent institutions and of noble men, there appeared a personage more wonderful than any predecessor. He came from a family without any royal or aristocratic pretension. He had no advantage from the schools. There were people beside him day after day who had no idea that he was going to be anything remarkable or do anything remarkable. Yet, notwithstanding all this, and without any title, or scholarly profession, or flaming rhetoric, he startled the world with the strangest announcements, ran in collision with solemn priest and proud ruler, and with a voice that rang through temple and palace, and over ship's deck, and mountain's top, exclaimed "I am the light of the world!" Men were all taken aback at the idea that that hand, yet hard from the use of the axe, the saw, the adze, and hatchet, should wave the sceptre of authority, and that upon that brow, from which they had so often seen him wipe the sweat of toil, there would yet come the crown of unparalleled splendor and of universal dominion. We all know how difficult it is to think that anybody who was at school with us in boyhood has got to be anything great or famous; and no wonder that those who had been boys with Christ in the streets of Nazareth and seen him in after years in the days of his complete obscurity, should have been very slow to acknowledge Christ's wonderful mission.

From this humble point the stream of life flowed out. At first it was just a faint rill, hardly able to find its way down the rock, but the tears of a weeping Christ added to its volume; and it flowed on until by the beauty and greenness of the banks, you might know the path the crystal stream was taking. On and on, until the lepers were brought dows and washed off their leprosy, and the dead were lifted into the water that they might have life, and pearls of joy and promise were gathered from the brink, and innumerable churches on either bank, and the tide flows on deeper, and stronger, and wider, until it rolls into the river front under the throne of God, mingling bill low with billow, and brightness with brightness, and joy with joy, and hosanna with hosanna!

I was looking at some of the paintings of the artist, Mr. Kensett. I saw some pictures that were just faint outlines; in some places you would see only the branches of a tree and no trunk; and in another case the trunk and no branches. He had not finished the work. It would have taken him days and months, perhaps, to have completed it. Well, my friend, in this world we get only the faintest outline of what Christ is. It will take all eternity to fill up the picture—so loving, so kind, so merciful, so great! Paul does not, in this chapter, say of Christ he is good or he is loving, or he is patient, or he is kind; but in his exclamation of the text he embraces everything when he says, "Christ is all and in all."

I remark in the first place, Christ is everything in the Bible. I do not care where I open the Bible, I find Jesus. In whatever path I start, I come, after a while, to the Bethlehem manger. I go back to the old dispensation, and see a lamb on the altar, and say, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!" Then I go and see the manna provided for the Israelites in the wilderness, and say, "Jesus, the bread of life." Then I look at the rock which was smitten by the prophet's rod, and, as the water gushes out, say, "It is Jesus, the fountain opened for all our cleansing." I go back and look at the writings of Job, and hear him exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then I go to Ezekiel, and I find Christ presented there as "a plant of renown," and then I turn over to Isaiah, and Christ is spoken of "as a sheep before her shearers." It is Jesus all the way between Genesis and Malachi. Then I turn over to the New Testament, and it is Christ in the parable, it is Christ in the miracle, it is Christ in the evangelist's story, it is Christ in the Apostles' epistles, and it is Christ in the trumpet peal of the Apocalypse. I know there are a great many people who do not find Christ in the Bible. Here is a man who studies the Bible as a historian. Well, if you will come and study it you will find in this book how the world was made, how the seas fled to their places, how empires were established, how nation fought with nation, javelin ringing against harbegeon, mail against chain, and sandal with the dead. You will see the coronation of princes, the triumph of conquerors, and the world turned upside down and back again and down again, cleft and scarred with the groans of earthquake, and tempest, and battle. It is a wonderful history, putting to the blush all others. In the accuracy of its recital, and in the stupendousness of its records, Homer and Thucydides and Gibbon could make great stories out of little events; but it took a Moses to tell how the heavens and the earth were made in one chapter, and to give the history of thousands of years in two leaves.

Then there are others who come to this book as skeptics. They marshal passage against passage, and try to get Matthew and Luke in a quarrel, and would have a discrepancy between what Paul and James say about faith and works; and they try the account of Moses concerning the creation by modern decisions in science, and resolve that in all the realms known to the scientific explorer and the inspired writer they will give the preference to the geologist. These men—these spiders, I will say—suck poison out of the sweetest flowers. These are the infidel writers upon the truths which have led thousands to heaven, and in their distorted vision, prophet seems to war with prophet, and evangelist with evangelist, and apostle with apostle; and if they can find some bad fruit of the harvest in a man of God mentioned in the Bible, these carrion crows caw and flap their wings over the carcass. Because they can not understand how the whale swallowed Jonah, they attempt the more wonderful feat of swallowing the monster whale of modern skepticism. They do not believe it possible that the Bible story should be true which says that the dumb ass spake, while they themselves prove the thing possible by their own utterances. I am amused beyond bounds when I hear one of these men talking about a future life. Just ask a man who rejects that Bible what heaven is, and hear him befog your soul. He will tell you that heaven is merely the development of the internal resources of man; it is an efflorescence of the dynamic forces into a state of ethereal and transcendental lucubration, in close juxtaposition to the ever-present "was" and in the great "to be," and the everlasting "No." Considering themselves wise, they are fools for time, fools for eternity.

Then there is another class of persons who come to the Bible as controversialists. They are enormous Presbyterians, or fierce Baptists, or violent Methodists. They cut the Bible to suit their creed, instead of cutting their creed to suit the Bible. If the Scriptures think as they do, well; if not, so much the worse for the Scriptures. The Bible is merely the whetstone on which they sharpen the dissecting knife of controversy. They come to it as a government in time of war comes to the armories or arsenals for weapons and munitions. They have declared everlasting war against all other sects, and they want so many broadswords, so many muskets, so many howitzers, so many columbiads, and grape and canister, so many field pieces with which to rake the field of dispute; for they mean to get the victory, though the heavens be darkened with the smoke and the earth rent with the thunder. What do they care about the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ? I have seen some such men come back from an ecclesiastical massacre as proud of their achievements as an Indian warrior boasting of the number of scalps he has taken. I have more admiration for a man who goes forth with his fists to get the championship than I have for those theological pugilists who make our theological magazines ring with their war cry. There are men who seem to think the only use of the sword of truth is to stick somebody. There is our passage of the Scriptures that they like better than all others, and that is this: "Blessed be the Lord which teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight." Woe to us if we come to God's words as controversialists, or skeptics, or as connoisseurs, or as fault finders, or merely as poets!

I remark again, Christ is everything to the Christian in time of trouble. Who has escaped trouble? We must all stoop down and drink out of the bitter lake. The moss has no time to grow on the buckets that come up out of the heart's well, dripping with tears. Great fish are upon us, and we as certain as greyhound pack on the scent of deer. From our hearts in every direction there are a thousand chords reaching out binding us to loved ones, and ever and anon some of these cords snap. The winds that cross the sea of life are not all aback. The clouds that cross our sky are not feathery and afar, straying like flocks of sheep on heavenly pasture, but wrathful and somber, and glaring with terror, they wrap the mountains in fire, and come down baying with their thunders through every gorge. The richest fruits of blessing have a prickly shell. Life here is not lying at anchor; it is weathering a storm. Trouble has smitten me, and is smiting me this very day. Is not sleeping in a soldier's tent with our arms stacked; it is a bayonet charge. We stumble over gravestones, and we drive on with our wheel deep in the old rut of grief. Trouble has sprinkled your brow, and it has frosted your head. Failing in this battle of life is there no angel to bind our wounds? Hath God made this world with so many things to hurt and none to heal? For this snake bite of sorrow is there no herb growing by our brooks to cure it? Impossible! There must be God that in the gospel we find the antidote? Christ has bottled an ocean of tears. How many thorns he hath plucked out of human agony! Oh, he knows too well what it is to carry a cross, not to handle scarry oars. He knows too well what it is to climb the mountain not to help us up the steep. He knows too well what it is to be persecuted not to help those who are imposed upon. He knows what it is to be sick not to help those who suffer. Ay, he knows too well what it is to die not to help us in our last extremity. Blessed Jesus, thou knowest it all. Seeing thy wounded side, and the wounded hands, and thy wounded feet, and thy wounded brow, we are sure thou knowest it all. Oh! when those into whose bosom we used to breathe our sorrows are snatched from us, blessed Jesus, the heart of Jesus still beats; and when all other lights go out and the world gets dark, then we see coming out from behind the cloud something so bright and cheering, we know it to be the morning star of Bethlehem's deliverance. The hand of care may make you stagger, or the hand of persecution may beat you down, or the hand of disappointment may beat you back, but there is a hand, and it is so kind, and it is so gentle, that it wipeth all tears from all faces.

Those only get into the heart of God's truth who come seeking Christ. Welcome all such! They will find him coming out from behind the curtain of the sky as the bridegroom stands, in the full light of New Testament disclosure, Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. They will find him in genealogical table and in chronological calculation, in poetic stanza and in historical narrative, in profound parable and in startling miracle. They will see his foot on every sea, and his tears in the drops of dew on Hermon, and hear his voice in the wind, and behold his words all about in the valley between Mount Olivet and Jerusalem. There are some men who come and walk around the Temple of Truth and merely see the outside. There are others who walk into the porch and then go away. There are others who come in and look at the pictures, but they know nothing about the chief attractions of the place. It is only the man who comes and knocks at the gate, saying, "I would see Jesus." For him the glories of that book open, and he goes in and finds Christ, and with him peace, pardon, life, comfort, and heaven. "All in all is Jesus" in the Bible.

I remark again that Christ is everything in the great plan of redemption. We are slaves: Christ gives deliverance to the captive. We are thirsty; Christ is the river of salvation to slake our thirst. We are hungry; Jesus says, "I am the bread of life." We are condemned to die; Christ says, "Save that man from going down to the pit: I am the ransom." We are tossed in a sea of troubles; Jesus comes over it, saying, "It is I, be not afraid." We are in darkness; Jesus says, "I am the bright and morning star." We are sick; Jesus is the balm of Gilead. We are dead; hear the shrouds rend and the great hillocks heave as he cries: I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." We want justification: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." We want to exercise faith: "Belive in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I want to get from under condemnation: "There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." The cross—he carried it. The flames of hell—he suffered them. The shame—he endured it. The crown—he won it. Heights of heaven sing it, and worlds of light all round the heavens cry, "Glory, glory!"

That Dear Old Word, Good-by,

is a mighty sad one when it is the parting salutation between friends whom thousands of miles of salt water are about to separate. Mariners, buyers in foreign lands for heavy houses, commercial travelers who have made many trips across the stormy Atlantic, think little of an ocean voyage, but to the first voyager the initial trip is a momentous affair. Sea sickness is to be expected as a matter of course. How to prevent it? The finest remedy and preventive of the nausea provoked by the tossing of a vessel, the jarring motion of the screw of a steamship, or of a locomotive train, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, pronounced by sea captains, shipdoctors, tourists, travelers and emigrants the finest stomachic and best defense against ailments of the bowels, digestive organs and liver in existence. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble and debility are remedied by it.

THEIR LAST WORDS.

The Deathbed Utterances of Seven Famous Divines.

"I have meditated upon the state of the church, the spouse of Christ. I have fought against spiritual wickedness in high places, and I have prevailed. I have tasted of the heavenly joy, where presently I shall be. Now, for the last time, I commit soul, body and spirit into his hands. Now it has come."—John Knox.

"He of good comfort, brother, for we shall this day light such a candle in England as, by God's grace, shall never be put out."—Latimer to Ridley.

"Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs."—Cardinal Wolsey.

"Father in heaven, though this body is breaking away from me, and I am departing this life, yet I know that I shall forever be with Thee, for no one can pluck me out of Thy hand."—Martin Luther.

"What, is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.

"I want nothing, and I am looking for nothing but heaven."—Phil Melancthon.

"Lord, receive my spirit."—Cranmer.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Too Effective.

Mrs. Ruggs—Why do you dislike Dr. Curem?

Mrs. Muggs—He cured my husband's rheumatism, so he can never tell when it is goin to rain, and last week I spoiled a brand new hat.—New York Weekly.

A Matter of Taste.

Charlie—I think you would like Jack Murray. He's my friend, although he's not at all like me.

Prunella—Indeed! Then I believe I should.—New York Herald.

Anything to Please.

"Ethel, will you marry me?"

"Yes, if it will be an accommodation."—Chicago News Record.

Jokes of Interest.

Young Smith was forced to pawn his watch,
And now goes round without it;
But keeps the monthly interest paid
By writing jokes about it.

—Puck.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

For renovating the entire system, eliminating all poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.

TROUBLE IN THE MOUTH

"For eighteen months I had a cating sore on my tongue. I was treated by ten local physicians but obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew worse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles."

C. B. McLEMORE, Henderson, Tex.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

The Camp Fire.

☞ Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, or recriminations, or abuse; but we do want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life.

At the Siege of Vicksburg.

Editor Camp Fire:—I fully endorse Comrade Cooper's sentiment on the Blade. I have been a subscriber for over four years, and can truly say that it is the best family paper that ever came to my home. But there still remains a misunderstanding between us in regard to Young's Point canal. He states that his regiment remained at Milliken's Bend during the entire campaign, and that he helped to work the mortars during the siege. Now, as Milliken's Bend is several miles above the canal and the point where the mortars lay, three miles below, I am unable to see where his canal is located. But, however, while he is preparing to fire another shot from his big gun, I will take a fresh view of the canal. It is one and one-eighth miles in length, running due south, and the point of land cut off is three miles long, running east, towards Vicksburg. This was formerly known as Butler's canal. Gen. Butler devised this scheme in order to "open up" the Mississippi river for transports. In the spring of 1862 he moved his army from New Orleans to Young's Point and began operations, cutting a gap in the levee and digging a small ditch, but as the water got too low he was compelled to abandon the enterprise. When we first took possession the water was within the banks of the river. The first work we did was to close up the gap in the levee at the head of the canal, and then we went to digging it wide enough for boats to pass, throwing up a levee on the lower side. But as the river continued to rise, it finally proved too strong for our temporary dam, which broke and let the flood in.

But this mishap was not regarded as a serious obstacle to throwing the forces below, for it had been clearly demonstrated that the rebel batteries could be run without any damage. As early as February 2, the ram Queen of the West, a wooden gunboat, passed the whole line of batteries without the slightest injury, continuing on down the river with Red river, where, as we understood, she was captured by the rebs and destroyed. On the night of the 14th of the same month the Indianola, a heavy iron-clad, also went down safely but found the same fate as the other one.

A few weeks later the Lancaster and the Robert Nelson, both wooden gunboats, went down early in the morning. One of them received a shot in the hold and sunk at the lower end of the canal, but all of the crew were saved. In the meantime, the rebs were increasing their batteries and mounting heavy guns, and Gen. Sherman, in order to more fully ascertain where their big guns were situated, fitted up an old barge in imitation of an iron-clad, put some lights on it, and set it adrift in the darkness of the night, and as it was of very slow motion, the Johnnies had ample time to test all of their fine pieces. Finally becoming disabled, the poor old craft came to land on our side, in the bend of the river, just below our canal, where the rebs kept firing at it all the next day.

The next in order was a barge of commissary stores, in tow of a tug, manned by 35 volunteers. The tug was sunk and the barge set on fire, and nearly the whole crew perished. My company marched down the levee as a land escort, and heard the piteous cries of their unfortunate comrades, but could not render any assistance.

Finally, as the water dried up so that the troops could march on the land, a fleet of gunboats and three transports started down together. One transport was burned, and all the rest landed safely below Grand Gulf and ferried the troops across the river, where the first battle was fought; and while Comrade Cooper was firing his mortar I was on the other side of the pen, watching the big shells sailing over the city. The course of each is clearly marked by the burning of the fuse, then a flash is seen and a crash is heard, and its mission is ended.—P. W. Sapp, Co. C, 6th Mo. Inf.

The Dutch Bugler.

Editor Camp Fire:—This space which you have so kindly given us old soldiers is very interesting to me. Our experiences while in the service were both bright and dark, and the bright side, which told by a good writer, makes us laugh and enjoy reading it, while, as well as the dark side, it brings back the many sad scenes during our army life. I have said where all around me were scenes which I never can forget. Some were dying and others suffering untold misery, one poor fellow I never shall forget. He had lain upon his couch for days unable to raise hand or foot, and just before he died he raised up and started to walk over to one of the comrades who was making a terrible noise, screaming with rheumatism. He took two or three steps and fell dead; did not speak a word or move a muscle after he fell. You could see 20 to 25 per day piled up in the deadhouse. These are some of the dark sides of our army life, and those of us who were so fortunate as to get back home again love to tell our experiences and to read others.

I will tell you one of our funny tricks, or at least it was fun for me and my comrade Dave. One of our companies had a new bugler, and as all old soldiers know what a confounded noise a Dutch bugler can make while practicing, they will not object to our silencing his horn. So Dave and I concluded to stop that noise or blow the bugler up. The Dutchman generally placed himself upon his bunk, which was up on forked sticks drove into the ground and poles laid across to support the straw or leaves which formed his bed-tick. He generally came there four to six times a day and would wear him out of his dog-house or tent we slipped over, raised his blankets up and placed a canteen partly full of powder upon the poles and straw, placed a small board over the top and put the blankets back. This canteen was corked up, and a long string fuse attached. Mr. Dutchy came strolling down to his tent and began practicing. When he got in good earnest, we touched our fuse and lay on our bunks awaiting the result. Boom! they all went—the bed, the Dutchman, the bugle and the canteen were all mixed up together. That bugle stopped very suddenly, and his tune was somewhat changed. He used some very strong language, but we never confessed; and to this day that bugler don't know who put that canteen of powder there. Should this meet the eyes of Dave, I hope he will give us a letter through the Camp Fire.—John C. Lyon.

The First Volunteers of the Rebellion.

Editor Camp Fire:—The first volunteer of the civil war is Gen. E. C. Williams, of Union township, Snyder county, Pa. He is also a hero of the Mexican war, and helped suppress the Philadelphia riots in 1844. At the outbreak of the Mexican war, Williams raised a company called the Cameron Guards, and presented the roll to Gov. Shunk, who refused to accept it, stating that it was not a regularly organized body; but after some persuasion by others, the company was accepted, and marched to the front. They set sail on a vessel for Lobos Island, Gulf of Mexico. After about a forty-days' voyage they arrived, but were not permitted to go ashore on account of many cases of smallpox. As soon as these were sufficiently recovered the company began its march toward the City of Mexico. They had a number of skirmishes with the enemy, but the blue-coats fought bravely, and came out victorious. The chief event took place at Chapultepec. Gen. E. C. Williams and Capt. Montgomery raised the first American flag on the citadel, and kept it flying there until Gen. Scott rode up the causeway. Others have tried to claim this distinction, but Williams holds the proof that the honor belongs to him. He served through the entire war, and succeeded in bringing the old flag with him, which, several years later, he presented to Gov. Curtin, who had it encased in a neat frame, and today it can be seen among the ex-governor's army relics. When the call for troops was made in 1861, Gov. Curtin directed Gen. Williams, who had been commissioned brigadier general of Dauphin county, to organize a force for the service, and his date of enlistment shows that he was the first volunteer of the war. The general's record is "first volunteer mustered in the United States service in the late rebellion, on April 15, 1861, in the executive chamber at Harrisburg, Pa., between the hours of 9 and 10 a. m., in the presence of Gov. Curtin and all the heads of the departments." He was mustered over two days before the Logan Guards or any of the other first five companies. He is postmaster at Chapman, and has held the office for twenty years. He is in the 73d year of his age, and went to Washington for the Grand Army encampment.—Edward D. Duck.

An Union Family.

Editor Camp Fire:—I have been an interested reader of The Blade ever since Grant's first campaign, and especially interested in the Camp Fire, but never, till now, brought a rail or pine knot. I see in The Blade of September 8 a chunk from Comrade G. M. Wood, of Co. B, 153rd Ohio, who says there were seven brothers in the army. Certainly he has a right to be proud; but our family can beat it. There were six of my brothers in Co. E, 3d Iowa Cav., and myself, and one brother in Co. I, 9th Kansas Cav. Also I had four brother-in-laws with me. I served three years and six months; was on the march to Red river, where, as we understood, she was captured by the rebs and destroyed. On the night of the 14th of the same month the Indianola, a heavy iron-clad, also went down safely but found the same fate as the other one.

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Information Wanted.

WANTED—The address of Lieut. William Boyers, Co. A, 38th Ohio V. I. Also, of any other member of the same company, who knew Ben. Wilson, a private in said company.—Elam M. Day, Anna, Shelby Co., Ohio.

DRUG STORE NAMES.

Milk of lime has no milk.
Oil of vitriol is not an oil.
Quicksilver is mercury.
Soda water contains no soda.
Sulphuric ether contains no sulphur.
Wormseed is unexpanded flower buds.
Copperas is an iron salt and contains no copper.
Berberine is usually made from hydrastis canadensis.
German silver contains no silver and black lead contains no lead.
Sugar of lead has nothing to do with sugar, nor has cream of tartar anything to do with cream.
Oxygen means the acid "generator," but hydrogen is really the essential element, and many acids contain no oxygen.
Salts of lemon has nothing to do with a lemon, but is a salt of the extremely poisonous oxalic acid.—Bulletin of Pharmacy.

The Woman Novelist.

Most ladies prefer to read a novel written by a woman, because she always pays particular attention to the dress of her heroine. A man will send his heroine on a long journey without changing her dress, although she may have just come in from a horseback ride. Dress to a woman is part of her personality, and every shade of feeling and every new situation must have a dress to correspond.—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Felt for the Dog.

"Do you mean to say you et that pie the woman give ye?" said the tramp to his companion.

"Yep. Ye see my dog was with me, and of I had trowed it away Rube would a tackled it anyhow. He's a mighty good dog, and his health ain't been none of the best lately.—Washington Star.

Celestial Bliss.

"In heaven there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage," quoted Miss Wallflower.

"How heavenly!" exclaimed Mr. Larimer, who is a confirmed old bachelor.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

She Was Superstitous.

"You didn't succeed very well with the young heiress?"

"No; she was superstitous."

"What was the cause?"

"She said she had twelve engagements on hand and feared that the thirteenth might be unlucky."—Judge.

Too Cheerful.

Tom—Miss Doremus is always singing about the house; she must have a better disposition than the other members of the family.

Jack—Yes; theirs has been completely spoiled by it.—New York Herald.

What Stronger Proof

Is needed of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla than the hundreds of letters continually coming in telling of marvelous cures it has effected after all other remedies had failed? Truly, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative power unknown to other medicines.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

Kill or Cure.

Witkins—My brother used your medicine two years ago and since then he has used no other.

Dr. Quack—Ah! cured immediately, I presume?

Witkins—No, he died.—Baltimore News.

Escaped the Flies.

Bobby—There are no flies on you, anyway, Mr. Kaller.

Kaller—What do you mean, Bobby?

The adhesive paper you are sitting on hasn't been in the chair long enough to catch any.—N. Y. Herald.

The Bench Would Reflect.

Smythe—I see a way out of these liberal divorce laws.

Thompkins—What is it?

Smythe—Just pass a new statute transferring all children of divorced couples to the judge granting the decree.—N. Y. Herald.

He Lacked Brain.

"Mercy!" cried Chollie, "Here's a man died of brain fever brought on by lawn tennis! A play tennis all the time?"

"Yes, but you know—" began Miss Higgins, and then she decided she wouldn't say it.—Harper's Bazar.

Do you want a chance to make $500? If so, read our coupon offer on the fifth page of this issue.

WE WANT YOU

to act as our agent. Will treat you well and pay liberally for your services. The work is easy, pleasant, and adapted to both young and old of either sex. GEO. STINSON & CO., Box 1600, Portland, Me.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Sore on Point of Shoulder.

L. A. R., Michigan: The sore on your horse's shoulder is a sitfast, so called because of the difficulty of its removal. These circumscribed sloughs sometimes reach down to the fibrous layers of the muscles or even with the bones. They form a hard, bony or leathery appearance in the center, and are a persistent source of irritation. Where a sitfast involves only the superficial part of the skin, it may be healed by washing well with warm water and castile soap, and afterward sprinkle with carbolic powder, 1 part; wheat flour, 4 parts. However, as a rule, there is but one way to treat a sitfast to be certain of a cure: Poultice the part for two days with linseed meal poultice in order that the seat of the sitfast may be certainly known. Then with a sharp knife dissect the sitfast, going to its lowest limit with the knife. There is no other way to cure the part permanently, for so long as there is a "cone" left, no matter if the skin does heal over, it will become sore again as soon as the collar begins to rub it. After the sitfast has been removed, wash the cut made with carbolic acid, 1 part; rain water, 10 parts, and dress afterward with an ointment made of carbolic acid, 1 drachm; lard, unsalted, 3 ozs. Mix well. The shoulders of some horses are more tender, naturally, than others. There is no danger in cutting out a sitfast, if anything like care is exercised. There should be care taken to keep pressure from the part from which a sitfast is taken for a length of time after the part has healed over, and the horse should not be worked while under treatment. Give but little corn until the horse is in condition to be put to work.

Washing of Hips.

M. M. H., Indiana: The "hip sweeny" of which you speak may be the result of injury to the muscles around the stifle joint, sprain of the tendons of the leg, or it may be caused by disease in the inner parts of the hoof, the latter being frequently the seat of the trouble. You should carefully examine the hoof, tendons of the leg and muscles around the stifle joint, and if you cannot locate the part affected, call a competent veterinarian. If the disease is in the hip, rub for six inches all around the stifle joint with oil of turpentine, 1 1-2 ozs.; spirits of camphor, 2 ozs.; rosewood oil, 3 ozs. Wrap the joints with flannels. Sometimes rheumatism in cow will run into "bustian fowl," or sloughing of the joints, which is incurable. It is believed by many people that aside from other causes rheumatism may be hereditary in cows.

Splint on Mare's Leg.

G. M. S., Missouri: Rub the part with biniodide of mercury 1 drachm; lard, 2 ozs.: Mix well before applying. Wash off once a day with warm water and soap.

Pears Rot—Time to Trim the Trees.

S. B. H., West Virginia: The favorite soil of the pear is a clay loam, but whatever the soil may be the trees need good cultivation. The reason, perhaps, that the fruit on your old-fashioned pear trees rots when near maturity, is because you have not kept the ground over the roots in proper condition. Stir the soil well, and mix with well-rotted barnyard manure. Iron filings from a foundry or blacksmith shop, scattered around the butt of the tree is good. Bones cracked finely on ground are also good. Pear trees need but little pruning. A good time to prune is early in spring, before the moving of the sap. Some growers prune early in winter when the wood is well ripened.

Use of Night Soil.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—The French farmer and agricultural reformer who had spent much time, talent and means in his own country in his efforts to persuade his countrymen to improve their ways of farming, while visiting the United States and traveling through the country to see how the Americans manage their farms, justly accused us of being a very wasteful people and destroying, and worse than destroying, our most valuable resource of the country in the way we managed our night soil, or, more plainly speaking, the contents of our water closets; that everything taken from off the ground should go back to the ground or the soil in time becomes impoverished, and no artificial fertilizer can ever give to the land that original strength and quality which is continually being drained from it, and if not left where its offensive odors are loading the air, is carried by sewers to the rivers and streams, poisoning the water, often making it unfit for even the cattle to drink or human being to use in any form except navigation and quenching fires; but it is better than to let it stand above ground or sunken in in deep pits, poisoning the water in our wells, filling our systems with malaria, typhoid fever and many kindred diseases. After reading that this Frenchman had written, and talking over the matter one day, our folks resolved to commence an improvement right then; so loosened the seat to the watercloset, sawed it in two, laid a board on the timbers even with the floor, took an old dishpan, put in a quart of so of dirt, set it in on the board, and every time used, put in more dirt and covered up everything offensive. We have for years kept a box of dirt standing in the closet with a paddle whittled out of a shingle, and every time occasion requires throw dirt over whatever is deposited, and by this means have kept the closet comparatively decent; but now we take out the dishpan to the garden almost every day, dig a hole with the spade, throw in the contents of the dishpan and cover over with soil deep enough to step on without danger and set the pan back again. With the seat in the closet loosened and sawed in two it is easily raised, and the amount of dirt in the pan prevents it from being such a disagreeable job as one would imagine. In fact our family is surprised to find this mode so little trouble and no more disagreeable. Where people live on a small piece of ground where the surface is not broken and inconvenient to do this way, arrangements might be made with some Chinaman or gardener to remove it for you. Try it all who can, and begin an improvement at once.—Subscriber.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Bee Hive.

The following items in reference to bee culture were found in Gleanings in Bee Culture:

The honey crop is a total failure in California, so our correspondents say. Rambler was fortunate, however, and secured a very fair crop. There will, therefore, be very little California honey on the Eastern markets, and the Eastern product will have full swing.

Pouring feed into the entrance of hives with tight bottoms is practiced by some, and highly commended. I formerly fed many pounds in that way, and liked it much. But I began to notice that, after a colony was thus fed, a good many dead bees would be found carried out, and I gave up the plan. Whether the bees were drowned, or what caused their death, I could not determine.

It is a very noticeable fact that commission houses have reported for the past couple of months, little or no first-class honey on the market, either comb or extracted. We cannot believe adulteration is carried on so extensively, otherwise there would be plenty of extracted honey; and while we do not want to deny that adulteration may be practiced to a considerable extent, we ought to be careful not to rush to the other extreme.

Take dry cobs for smoking and pound them up the size of hickory nuts or walnuts, and start the first time with a few coals from the stove. When refilling save a few of the coals to start the fresh cobs; and if they have gone out you can start or light them with a match, or use a little rotten wood to start them, as you cannot easily light the fresh cobs with a match. I prefer cobs, as the smoke is more agreeable to me and to the bees, and it takes less to quiet them—no sparks to burn me and my clothes, nor ashes to blow into our honey while smoking the bees out of the crates. I can load a Clark smoker with cobs so it will last three or four hours.

The Blueberry Season.

The recent blueberry season in Maine was a very good one, and surprising accounts have been given of the activity of the canning factories where this fruit is preserved. It was not uncommon, we are told, for 700 or 800 bushels of blueberries to be delivered at the door of a single factory during one morning, and as all had to be canned within the 24 hours, operatives were kept at work until 1 or 2 o'clock at night. Whole schooner loads of the canned product were shipped to Boston and other seaports.

A Curious Hybrid.

A later number of the Gardeners' Chronicle gives the figure of a curious hybrid between a black currant and a gooseberry, in which the hanging fruits resemble a currant, while the leaves resemble somewhat those of the gooseberry. The fruit appears in bunches of from two to four. They are about the size of black currants, but in color like a red gooseberry, and are covered with fine hairs and destitute of seeds. The flavor partakes of that of a gooseberry and a black currant, and seems to Dr. Masters to be an improvement on both. If gooseberries of improved flavor can be grown in clusters and on a bush without spines, Mr. Culverwell, the producer of this new hybrid, will prove a benefactor to horticulture.—Garden and Forrest.

Do Bees Need Water in Winter.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—I desire to tender my sincere thanks to Messrs. J. M. Hamilton, of California; J. L. Hash, of Nevada, and James S. Holmes, of Colorado, who, all of them, so promptly and fully answered my questions in the Farmstead in regard to Alfalfa hay for horses. And now will some one of experience please tell me through the Farmstead in regard to bees. First, the best way of feeding bees in winter when need? Second, (as I live on the mountains where snow falls sometimes three feet deep) should my bees be removed in to the cellar for winter quarters? If so, at what time? Third, do bees need water in the winter? If not, then would it not be a good thing to do to fasten up the entrance to their hive with a wire screen and leave that way until spring? Please answer me very soon on these questions, and very greatly oblige one who is a beginner at this business.—R. F. Johnson, Oregon.

Pruning Blighted Peach Trees.

In many parts of the country, a sharp night last winter, during which the thermometer went to fifteen or twenty degrees below zero, killed all the fruit buds of the peach, and these trees will bear no fruit the present season. The result will be the continued extension of the branches, making the trees more deformed than before. Most of this extension is grown in spring to the fact that several terminal buds at the ends of last year's shoots are so hardy that they are not winter killed, while the fruit buds at the sides of these shoots are all destroyed. Advantage may be taken of this condition, not only in preventing the branches from running out longer into bare poles, but in bringing the trees into more compact and symmetrical form without sacrificing a crop. This is effected by simply shortening-in the longer and more projecting shoots in spring before they have commenced growing. As it is now too late to perform this work thoroughly, it may still be done in a moderate degree, provided that most of those which are now growing are suffered to remain and retain the life and vigor of the trees. The peach will endure cutting back while growing much better than most other trees, but this quality should not be taken as a general advantage. A portion of the shoots may be cut back now and another portion a month later, still leaving a liberal amount growing.—Country Gentleman.

Leopard Moth.

An account is given by Nicholas Pike of the ravages of the leopard moth in the city of Brooklyn, N. Y. This destructive insect is of European origin, and has been known in this country for the past five years, but had not until very recently extended its ravages beyond a radius of a few miles from New York city. It is now rapidly spreading to the surrounding country and may eventually prove a much more serious pest than the pernicious gypsy moth. Like that insect it is a general feeder affecting a great variety of woody plants, particularly elm and maple. The larva attack only living trees, boring into the larger branches, which die and break off, and even into the heart of the tree. This insect is, however, much more difficult to deal with than the gypsy moth, which is a leaf-feeder. According to a writer there is scarcely a street or avenue in Brooklyn that does not furnish abundant proof of its presence. Illustrations of the insect are given and a list is appended of twenty-four trees and shrubs observed by the writer to be affected by it.

A paper by Frank Benton entitled "How far do bees fly?" points out the error of recent newspaper items which contain computations of the distance bees go after honey. Observation and experiment show that the usual range of flight is two to three miles, and sometimes it is profitable should be within this distance of the apiary.

CURIOUS PLACE IN CALIFORNIA

Where the Sound of a Footfall Can

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1892.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
Of Indiana.

For Vice President,
WHITELAW REID,
Of New York.

OUR MARVELLOUS OFFER.

We lay before our readers, on the fifth page of this issue, the best offer, in connection with their subscriptions, ever offered by any newspaper in the world. A careful reading of the advertisement will pay you. It will be noticed that every subscriber has two opportunities:

First—He may have the Weekly Blade for two years for $1. We say "may have," but practically this means "will have," because what subscriber to the Weekly Blade cannot guess who will be the next President?

Second—He has opportunity of competing for one among over two hundred premiums, amounting to over $4,000. Every subscriber has a chance of obtaining one of them.

This plan has been carefully worked out, and we are prepared to receive over 250,000 orders during the next six weeks. We confidently expect more than 100,000 of our regular subscribers to renew on this basis at once; and just how many new subscribers will take advantage of this plan, depends upon how well our readers will circulate this announcement to their neighbors and friends.

To avoid confusion, and to facilitate the work in the counting-room, we suggest the following:

Notice there will be seven coupons published, one week apart, each week being numbered. This week's coupon is No. 2. We ask every subscriber who did not send in his renewal last week with Coupon No. 1, to send his renewal this week upon Coupon No. 2, no matter when your subscription expires. It will be advanced one year from date of expiration. We wish to enter all renewals at once.

Furthermore, we ask every subscriber to see that all other coupons that you have and will receive, are used by some one of your neighbors. And please see that every coupon you receive is used by some one.

Bear in mind that if we receive over 250,000 subscribers on this plan, you have more chances to obtain one of the premiums than if we receive but 100,000. If each subscriber will make sure that three coupons are used besides the one he uses himself, it will make our plan a complete success—as it deserves and as we want it to be.

We will also send sample copies, single or a number, containing this coupon to anybody who wants them. Please see that sample copies are distributed in your neighborhood.

One thing more: We want our subscribers to urge upon their Democratic neighbors to send in their guesses upon these coupons. Suggest to them that if they are so confident that Mr. Cleveland will be the next President, that here is a chance to get a good newspaper two years for a dollar. We want every guess to be the honest conviction of the subscriber, and in order to make the matter more interesting, we should have guesses from the other side—presuming, of course, the sentiments of our present readers to be largely one way.

Which is the greatest manufacturing nation in the world? Probably a majority of persons would answer "Great Britain," without an instant's hesitation. But that is not correct. It was true once, but is so no longer. The United States is now in first place. Mulhall, the English statistician, recognized as the highest living authority in his specialty, gives the total manufactures of the world in 1888 at $22,370,000,000. Of this amount the following were the figures for the leading nations:

Austria	$1,265,000,000
France	2,425,000,000
Germany	2,915,000,000
Great Britain	4,100,000,000
Russia	1,815,000,000
United States	7,215,000,000

Our friends, the free traders, should make a note of this. Their parrot cry is that Great Britain is the greatest manufacturer in the world, and that free trade did it. They must now admit that the protective policy has brought us ahead in the race, so that we manufacture now about twice as much per year as Great Britain, our chief rival.

The free trade who attempts to tell the people that the amount of the duty on a given article is added to the price, when manufactured in this country, should not get angry when he is bluntly told that he lies. There is not one article of which this is true. Can any free trader name one?

Bergman, the anarchist who attempted to murder Henry C. Frick, manager of the Carnegie company, has been sentenced to 21 years in the penitentiary. The sentence is richly merited.

George Ticknor Curtis, the great constitutional lawyer, insists still that he cannot be a Democrat so long as the platform of that party declares the protective doctrine unconstitutional.

The merit of reciprocity is, that it adds millions to our export trade without injuring any home industry, agricultural or mechanical.

DRINKING IN TURKEY.

It is probably known to all that the Koran—the Bible of the Mohammedan world—prohibits strictly the use of wine (which is held to include all other intoxicants); and that no faithful follower of the Prophet can indulge in intemperance. The fact that the camel-driver of Mecca was shrewd enough to impose this condition upon the faithful accounts to some extent for the tremendous power of the Mohammedan empire. The faith was propagated by the sword, and the conquering armies of the Saracen caliphs were composed entirely of temperate men. Their physical powers were not sapped by the drink habit; their bodies were not enervated by being liquor-soaked. Their fatalistic creed inculcates the doctrine that no man can die until the time arrives which Allah has decreed; and hence they marched into battle in the full belief that no man could be killed unless that was his death-hour, so decreed from the beginning. Recklessly brave from this belief, capable of tremendous endurance because of their abstemious habits, they entered upon a career of conquest that came near overwhelming all Europe. Had not the Christian hosts under Charles Martel stayed the wave of Saracen incursion under the walls of Vienna, the Cross would probably have gone down before the Crescent, and the civilized world yielded allegiance to Mohammed rather than Christ.

But the burning zeal of those days has vanished. The Mohammedan of to-day does not feel the fanatic fervor of his forefathers. He complies with the forms of his religion because he was born in them, rather than from conviction. His religion is a mere formalism; and hence he falls a ready prey to temptation. It has for years been the testimony of travelers that Mohammedans do not hesitate to drink intoxicants whenever they have opportunity. Now it is said that the Turks are yielding more and more to the pleasures of drink. Though the mollahs interpret the prohibition of the Koran against wine (distilled liquors had not been invented when the Koran was written, and beer was known, probably, only to the wild tribes of Northern Germany) to extend to all intoxicating liquors, the formalist Turk says the Koran only prohibits wine, and therefore he may drink all other liquors. A newspaper paragraph has this:

> The Rev. Dr. English states: "The drunkenness is rapidly spreading among every class of people, poor and rich, and yet officials are the victims of the giant raki." A gentleman who lived 25 years in Turkey says: "Dr. English tells the truth when he states that 'officials are habitual drunkards.' Pious and learned classes drink; not in public but in secret. It is hard to see a group of Turks in a house or outside public places without raki. That fiery alcoholic liquor gives more wildness to their savage character, and ends the pleasant gathering with quarrels and many times with blood. It is a horrible scene to see them in the streets singing, cursing, hurrahing and insulting and beating the Christians unfortunately coming across them. I have seen them many times, while under the effects of raki, enter Christian houses and demand more raki. Drinking has no limit for them; they drink until they become horribly and perfectly stupefied. There is no police to arrest them or prevent their insults. It is a positive fact that Turks are going so far as to surprise Europeans and Americans, who consider the Turks the most temperate people in the world. It was a truth many years ago, but not for the present and future."

Raki is a fiery brandy, originally made in Russia. It has spread over the East, and the Turks have learned the method of making it. Perhaps raki may yet be the proximate cause of the fall of European Turkey, and through its means Russia plant herself on the shores of the Bosphorus, and fix the seat of her empire in the imperial city of Constantine. As total abstinence from intoxicants was one of the factors which made the Turkish Empire one of the mightiest nations in the world, intemperance among her people may well become a factor in her decline and fall, and the eventual banishment of the "unspeakable Turk" from Europe. The history of the world is full if examples of a hardy, abstemious people, of warlike proclivities, extending their boundaries, and becoming the founders of a mighty empire, only to have it overthrown because their descendants, grown rich and mighty, yielded to the great vices of mankind, among which intemperance is not the least, and fell before the victorious arms of some enemy. Turkey has been declining in power for the past century, and more, and the growth of intemperance among her people means that her decline will be still more rapid in the future. We of America should take warning by the example of history, and banish from among our people the one great unnecessary vice of intemperance. This, from its nature, can be successfully done by striking down its cause. We can abolish the manufacture and sale of rum in all its forms, and thus

Pulverize the Rum Power.

VEST'S EVASION.

Senator Vest, of Missouri, when making a Democratic speech recently in that state, was interrupted by a free silver man, who demanded to know how Cleveland stands on the silver question. He dodged in this ingenious manner:

> It is within my personal knowledge that Mr. Cleveland is in favor of free coinage of both gold and silver, and that he only differs with me in respect to the ratio.

Vest's auditors must have been hopelessly ignorant, if they were caught by such a statement. The ratio is the only thing in dispute in the silver question. Ninety-nine voters out of every hundred favor the free coinage of silver as well as of gold; the only dispute is about the ratio. The coinage ratio in the United States has been 16 of silver to 1 of gold since 1834. At that time, and for years afterwards, that was the correct ratio between the market values of gold and silver bullion. Silver has fallen enormously in value within the past twenty years Every man who clearly understands all the facts wants the coinage ratio changed to correspond with the change in market values. Those who are misled by silly demagogues, stupidly insist on maintaining the old ratio. Cleveland believes in changing the ratio to make it correspond with the facts; so does Harrison; so does every other intelligent man, be he Democrat or Republican. Vest knew his audience were "silver men," and gulled them with a cheap bit of demagogy.

The total pluralities of the Republican Congressional candidates at the late Maine election was much larger than the plurality on governor. This goes to show that on national issues the Maine people are solid, and that state matters had their effect on the governorship vote.

The Republicans of Brooklyn have adapted the famous chorus to political uses, and now shout "Ta-ra-ra, Boom-ta-Reid!"

Rainbow-chasing does not seem so popular with the Democratic voters this year as it did four years ago.

Cleveland will be known in political history, after November 8, as the great American hoodoo.

A SECOND EDITION

Of 5,000 Copies Now Ready, of "Nasby in Exile"—The Great Success the Book Is Having Among the People.

The edition of 5,000 copies of "Nasby in Exile," published in June, is now exhausted. The demand has far exceeded our expectations. We now offer the second 5,000 edition on the terms set forth in the large advertisement to be found elsewhere in this paper—which are in fact the same terms we gave on the first edition.

While a great many copies of the first edition have gone in connection with new subscribers, sent by old subscribers for the purpose of obtaining a copy for themselves, and a great many more have gone in connection with voluntary subscriptions to get one, we have been glad to notice that almost every subscriber whose time has expired this summer has renewed his subscription for the next year and called for a copy of this book.

Since this book has been offered, we have renewed almost every one of our expiring subscriptions. Thus far in September, every expiring subscription is being renewed in connection with this book, and the present 5,000 edition can hardly supply the demand of those subscribers whose time is up during the months of September and October. Whether we can afford to offer this premium during the entire winter season, has not yet been decided; but it is very uncertain that a third edition will be printed. Hence, every one who wants a copy will do well to renew AT ONCE, no matter when his subscription expires; it will be dated forward one full year from date of expiration. Thus he will be sure of obtaining a copy of the book. The advertisement on another page gives a full description of the work. We have not room for both the table of contents and the list of illustrations at the same time; so we alternate them in the advertisement—the contents one week, the illustrations the next. Note two successive issues, and read both.

THE ISSUE IN ALABAMA.

The fusion convention of the People's party in Alabama and the Kolb faction of the Democracy has put into the field a full electoral and Congressional ticket against the "regular" Democratic nominees. The issue with them is whether the old Bourbon ring shall continue to control the state, or whether the newer element shall step into power. The delegates were nearly all white men, and almost every one has hitherto been a Democrat. Their platform is significant in two planks. Its first one demands "a free vote and a fair count," and another demands that the tariff shall not be reduced "beyond the requirements of American industry."

That first plank is in strong contrast with the cry of the Northern free traders against the "force bill." These Alabamians admit there has been fraud at the election in the past. They were willing these should go on so long as they were directed against the Republicans. Now, that these methods are directed against themselves, they cry out for deliverance. Frequently within the past several years The Blade has predicted that the Democrats would eventually quarrel over the spoils; that the inevitable result of fraud at the polls against Republicans would be the development of a ring, which would perpetuate itself in power by the same frauds on the ballot against their brother Democrats that they first used to count out the Republicans.

That prediction has come true. The men who made up the fusion convention know Bourbon methods; and now that they fear these shall be used against themselves, they give warning in advance that it won't do. The chairman of the convention, in his speech, favored a federal elections law. He said:

> There will be an election in November, and we will have a full Congressional and electoral ticket in the field against that of the organized Democracy. How many of you will be willing to serve as United States supervisors and deputy marshals to see that it is not counted out?

With wild cheers, every man of the 800 delegates rose to his feet. When the applause had subsided, the chairman turned to the gallery, where sat a group of Bourbon Democratic politicians, interested spectators of the proceedings, and gave them this emphatic notice:

> Take warning by what you have seen. Heretofore you have had to deal with poor, half blind negroes at the polls on election day. These are white men, like yourselves. From now henceforth and forever the free white men of Alabama mean to throw off the shackles of ballot-box stuffers and election thieves. Let them try the old game in November and they will be indicted under the laws of the United States, and native white Southern citizens of Alabama will go into the jury boxes and convict them.

And if the temper of the convention is at all indicative of that of the voters of the two parties to to the fusion, there will be fierce times at the polls in Alabama, during both the voting and the counting, on November 8. They know that the cry of "negro domination" is a mere political scarecrow; they are not afraid of a "force bill." They propose to have a fair election and an honest count of the votes as cast. We shall look with interest for the outcome.

The case lately brought in the Circuit court of Henry county, Indiana, involving the validity of the scandalously partisan gerrymander of the state into legislative districts by the Democratic legislatures of 1885 and 1891, ended in a decision declaring both statutes unconstitutional on the ground of inequalities in representation, because some districts have a representation in excess, while others have a much smaller one than they are entitled to. In his decision Judge Bundy used the following sound language:

> The act is not to be declared invalid unless it be clearly and plainly in conflict with the constitution. On the other hand, where it is clear that the law violates a command of the constitution no higher duty can be vested in courts than to so declare. The first section of the constitution of Indiana provides "All elections shall be free and equal." How can an election be equal with an unequal and unfair apportionment?

The point has been clearly established in some states that the courts have full power to overthrow gerrymanders. It is to be hoped that every iniquitous redistricting measure, Congressional or legislative, will thus be rendered null, and legislators then be compelled to exercise justice toward the people of all parties.

Every subscriber will, of course, read our marvelous announcement, and we want every one, this week—don't wait until next—to sit down and use coupon No. 1. Next week we well tell you how to use the next one.

An admiring North Carolinian presented a rabbit's foot to Adlai the other day. It will act as did the rabbit's foot sent to Cleveland by a Tennesseean in 1888—prove a hoodoo.

Shall we have an economic policy for the benefit of our own people, or for the benefit of foreigners? That is the issue this year.

THAT ELEVATOR COMBINE.

The story published in a Chicago paper, to the effect that there exists an iniquitous combine between the railroads of the Northwest leading out of Minneapolis westward, certain elevator companies doing business along them, and the big milling companies of the city, whereby farmers are oppressed and compelled to take less than what should be a fair market price for their grain, seems to be of the nature of a mere charge, unproved and probably unprovable.

The story is that the combine fixes a list price for grain, and will not pay more, while the farmer is necessarily prevented from going to any other elevator and getting a higher price, as all are banded together. Besides this, three minor schemes of petty stealing are mentioned. The first of these schemes was, by means of manipulation of the brass kettles, wheat was graded lower than it should be. Then coarse sieves were used in determining the amount of dockage, and by this scheme, it states that from five to seven pounds was stolen per bushel. Then it states that the country agent has a lever under the scales such that can be worked by the foot and affect the weighing, and make it lighter than it should be, and thus steal ten bushels to the load.

There appears to be no new matter in all this. The dates are two and three years old, and none are given of the present year. The whole matter of these charges was investigated by a committee of the Minnesota legislature, and resulted in the finding of no proofs that would stand in a court of law, to sustain the charge of a combine of elevators, railways, and mills. As for the three minor modes of stealing at elevators, there are probably rascals in charge of some individual elevators, who indulge in petty theft whenever they get a good chance. Human nature is the same everywhere, and these petty steals are not unknown in warehouses and country elevators and mills in other parts of the country.

The effort to give the matter a political turn for the benefit of the Democratic party, will fail. The Minneapolis Times, whose politics are most bitterly partisan, in its issue of Sunday, has the following editorial article:

> The publication in yesterday's Chicago Herald directed against C. A. Pillsbury, looks like a revival of the wheat investigation testimony of last winter. There is little or nothing in it, and Mr. Pillsbury makes a vigorous defense as he did before the committee. A part of Mr. Pillsbury's statement is taken up with an impeachment of the witnesses for the other side, the principal one being Mr. Wolcott, who wrote the pamphlet from which the Herald got its material for the roast on Pillsbury. The matter is not new and it lacks the quality of sensationalism. Its origin and publication has a suspicious look. Chicago bears Minneapolis and Minneapolis business men no good will. The board of trade of that city has long been jealous of this city's commanding importance as a primary wheat market is a virtue in Chicago.

The Minneapolis Tribune of the same date exposes more fully the animus of the Chicago attack upon Minneapolis, in a long editorial, from which we make the following extract:

> The Chicago Herald, which for months has turned its smut machine against Messrs. Pillsbury and Washburn, of this city, because of their championship of the anti-option law, against the interests of the Chicago wheat gambling fraternity, has appeared with a campaign roorback in which it tries to prove that Minneapolis elevators have stolen the farmer's wheat, and that the Republican party is to blame. The dates in it are chiefly three to four years old, and the alleged witnesses mentioned are unknown individuals, some of whom are conveniently located in Europe. The fact that the roorback is compiled and indorsed by such demagogues as "Bill" Erwin, H. L. Loucks, "Bill" Campbell and Lewis Baker, explains its political animus. Such statements as "the Hatch anti-option bill was drawn in C. A. Pillsbury's office," shows the interest of the Chicago wheat gamblers in the roorback. The wheat gamblers, the Democratic bosses, and their allies have, therefore, apparently combined to defeat the anti-option bill and its Republican champions, at one political stroke. But the roorback's origin, parentage and purpose are too patent to deceive. The report of the Democratic and Alliance members of the late legislative wheat investigation is a sufficient reply to the roorback. As a prominent Democratic business man of this city stated to the Tribune yesterday: "It is an infamous and outrageous conspiracy to injure the business men of the Northwest and to create distrust among the farmers." Even if every word of the roorback were true, the facts have no connection with party politics. The desperate attempts of the Democracy to work up local and state issues, invent personal slanders and appeal to race, religious and class prejudices, show how afraid the Democratic party is of national issues. The Democracy is razzle-dazzled by its suicidal error in revamping the free trade plank taken from the Confederate constitution, and is eager to catch at any straw that offers.

So far as the charges of a combine apply to the state of Minnesota, they are certainly groundless; for the Republican legislature passed, and the Republican governor signed, laws under which no railroad company can lawfully refuse to furnish cars to any farmer or company of farmers who wish to ship wheat, and no railroad company can refuse the use of its right of way to any farmer or company of farmers who may desire to build thereon a grain-house or elevator. Under this Republican statute the farmers of Minnesota have established elevators of their own in nearly every wheat district in the state. There are now scores of such elevators in prosperous condition. These farmers' elevators have also punctured the political bubble that farmers are robbed exorbitant sums on weights and grades.

Not only have Republican statutes secured to the farmers of Minnesota the right of independent shipments and the establishment of their own elevators, but have provided state grain inspection by officials appointed from the agricultural ranks. Besides, under the provisions establishing a state railway commission and an interstate commerce commission—both Republican measures—railway rate discriminations are prohibited and prosecuted. There may be cases here and there of petty stealing, as there are cases of pocket-picking and chicken stealing, in spite of the law; but it is certain that there is no general combine in that state to rob the farmers. The story is a political roorback.

The Durham, North Carolina, Globe is a very zealous defender of Mr. Cleveland, and makes his pension vetoes the chief ground of its support. Its arguments may be effective down in North Carolina, but they will do little good up North. Here is a specimen editorial paragraph upon the subject:

> It is all easy enough to get up and howl for the bloody shirt, but the truth still remains, and will forever remain, that seven out of ten of the names on the pension rolls to-day are the names of sneaks and scamps who came into this country impersonating soldiers. They came as thieves and stole all in sight, and then they burned the towns and ravished the women. These are the plain, boneless facts, and why, if they are not facts, do not those Northern papers, so watchful, apparently, of Cleveland's interests, deny them successfully? However, Cleveland wrote his record clear on this pension business. He kicked the beggars out of the back door and into the middle of next summer. And Dixie proposes to give him another chance to repeat.

There is something suspicious about a cause which persecutes an official for telling the truth about labor matters. We refer to the free trade theory, and Commissioner Peck's labor report.

From the frequency with which David B Hill asserts "I am a Democrat," there must be many doubters. Why don't David make affidavit to the fact, and settle it?

FREE TRADE FALLACIES.

Our Questions to Free Traders.

We have the following replies to our first series of questions for free traders. B. L. B. says:

> The majority interviewed admit questions, but claim we will have no free trade if Cleveland is elected. One claims that we import raw material, such as tin and fish-twine, got nervous and would argue no further. Another says that the wage-worker could make as much at 50 cents a day under free trade as at $1 per day under protection.

As to the first point, if Cleveland's election does not mean free trade, it means nothing. The Democratic platform denounces protection as "unconstitutional," and declares for the same revenue system as has Great Britain, and which she calls "free trade." That plank was adopted in the convention itself, as a substitute for a far more moderate resolution reported by the committee. It is the deliberate utterance of the Democratic party for free trade.

We do import block tin and many other kinds of raw material; but they are worked up by American labor, and those workingmen and their families are consumers for the American farmer and for the products of all other American industries. But Great Britain imports her wool, her cotton, eight-ninths of her block tin, her copper, her hides, her hemp, jute, manilla, goat's hair, zinc, and many other leading raw materials. The United States produces the bulk of her raw materials; Great Britain imports hers.

As to the third objection, it is false. House-rent, fuel and food would be as dear under free trade as they are now; so would ordinary clothing, such as a $1 per day worker would wear. The only clothing that is cheaper in England is the finest grades. Boots and shoes would cost as much. Again, suppose a man is saving money and buying him a home. If his wages are cut one-half, it is probable he can not save over half as much. It will then take twice as long to pay for his home, or to accumulate the same sum. We have not room to add more reasons—but are not these enough?

W. G. sends us a lengthy letter, from which we take such extracts as give his argument. His answer to the first question, whether, under free trade, there would not be fewer articles manufactured here, is:

> I say no, and cite you to the effect on the production of sugar of the McKinley bill. All sugar not above 16 Dutch standard was placed on the free list and the price to consumers was reduced about 2 cents a pound, the amount of the tariff. The amount of sugar consumed was enormously increased, which, of course, led to increased importations. Is there less sugar produced in the United States in consequence of this increase in importation?

Sugar was put on the free list because we could not possibly produce but a small fraction of the sugar we consume, and hence the duty was not protective, but a revenue duty, paid by the consumer; but, to protect sugar-growers where soil and climate permit its production, a bounty of 2 cents per pound was allowed to the producers. Under this clause, $7,342,076 was paid on sugar bounties last year. It was exactly the same to the producer as if the duty had not been taken off. So our friend's illustration is wide of the mark, and our question stands unrefuted.

He then takes a part of our second question, and declares that English manufacturers get most of their raw materials cheaper than ours do. He instances wool. The only raw materials of manufacture which England possesses in full quantity are coal, iron ore and salt. Her iron ores are not of the first quality, and for steel-making the better magnetic and specular ores of Norway and Sweden are imported. We have coal and salt in abundance, and iron ores which are the finest in the world. We do not import them, and hence no duty is paid. England's greatest industry is cotton manufacturing. More of her working class are employed in this than in any other, and two-fifths of her entire exports are cotton goods. She has to import every pound of raw cotton. We raise our own, and our manufacturers get it as cheap, and probably cheaper, than do hers. All of her raw materials, save low-grade iron ores, coal, one-ninth of her tin, and a small part of her wool, has to be imported. We produce nearly all of our own raw material. Wool is cheaper in the London market than in ours; but we doubt if our correspondent can find one other instance of the raw material of a prominent manufactured article which is not as cheap here as there. He must bear in mind that we do not import our raw material, while England is compelled to do so. If we imported all our raw materials, or the bulk of them, as does England, our correspondent's position, that the tariff increases the cost of raw materials, would be correct. But his theory don't coincide with the facts; hence his long letter fails in its conclusions.

He must excuse us for not following him into other points not directly involved in the questions we asked. If the position which our queries assume is incorrect, we wish it shown, and do not propose in their discussion, to go off on side lines. We can not forbear saying that he is correct when he says:

> By the same process of reasoning that you have followed you can show "conclusively" that the English manufacturer can not compete with those of France, Germany and other countries on the continent of Europe, which countries by the way have protective tariffs very similar to our own American system.

In proof of this we cite the following facts, which our friend can verify by reference to the statistics of British trade. English manufacturing is declining because of the increased imports of manufactured goods from protectionist countries, which now reach $1,750,000,000 a year. All of this is imported free of duty, while home manufacturers are obliged to pay the internal revenue taxes. The condition of the British foreign trade is equally depressed. For the first six months of 1890, British exports were $635,000,000; for the same period in 1891 they were $620,000,000, while for the first half of 1892 they fell to $560,000,000, a decrease of $60,000,000, or nearly 10 per cent, in a single half year. Protection countries are wresting from her the "markets of the world." As to cotton manufacturing, Great Britain's greatest industry, we quote the words of Thomas Shackle, a cotton-mill worker, at the recent Trades' Union Congress at Glasgow, who said:

> What we in England have to dread, at any rate in the cotton trade, is not so much the European as Indian competition; for whereas in 1881 we exported forty-seven and a half millions of pounds of yarn to China and Japan, now we export only twenty-eight millions, while the exports of Indian cotton have increased during that period from twenty-eight and a half millions to one hundred and sixty-five and a half millions.

Free trade is at last bringing disaster to England in her dream of becoming the world's manufacturer—a dream which is shattered by the universal adoption of a protective policy by all other countries. As an exchange truly says:

> A crisis is impending in Great Britain, and its approach is heralded by the most alarming symptoms of commercial disaster. The constant succession of business failures since the Baring crash, the latest being those of the big manufacturing concern of Sir Titus Salt & Co. and Lewis Alexanders & Co., a mercantile house with extensive connections in New Zealand and Australia; the failure of London loan and building associations; the run on the Birkbeck bank; the closing of no less than seven clubs in the fashionable West End of London; the announcement that four of the largest landed estates in England will presently be divided and sold,—all confirm the story of depression and disaster. The British agricultural trade returns show that 40 per cent less land is now devoted to wheat growing than 20 years ago, and that the decrease is still going on. This year the decrease is 3 per cent; last year it was 7 per cent. Farm laborers are no longer able to obtain work at living wages and are crowding the cities in the vain hope of finding employment.

England was the one country whom free trade would benefit the most. We are the least fitted to adopt that policy. Shall we make fools of ourselves, and try to grasp the "markets of the world," which are shut in by protective tariffs with every nation whose trade would be worth our having?

THEY ARE COMING.

Of course, we did not expect to hear from but a very small portion of the widely-extended Blade family, on our coupon offer, by this writing—which is on Monday afternoon—as this page has to be stereotyped within an hour. Our subscribers cover the whole of the United States. Hence we did not expect to receive but a few scattering replies up to one week from the date of last week's paper. We were surprised to begin receiving them before the paper had been mailed forty-eight hours, and with every successive mail their numbers increase. This morning's mail (Monday) has kept our clerks busy attending to coupons alone all day, and we feel justified, now, in believing that not only will at least 95 per cent of our present subscribers renew under this liberal offer, but that we shall have a large number of new ones in addition. Don't delay!

MAJOR GENERAL POPE.

The death of Gen. John Pope on the 23d removes an officer who was one of the conspicuous figures of the civil war for a time—long enough to write his name enduringly upon the minds of the people. Like McClellan, he was originally in the engineer service. He served bravely and well in the Mexican war, from 1853 to 1859 was engaged in surveying a Pacific railroad route, and then was detailed on lighthouse duty until the rebellion began. He was made brigadier general of volunteers on March 16, 1861. His capture of New Madrid and Island No. 10 in the spring of 1862 turned the eyes of the waiting nation upon him—for the people were impatient for some tangible results of the war for the suppression of the rebellion. His services brought his promotion to major general of volunteers in March 21, 1862. He served under Halleck in the Corinth campaign, and was notable in the pursuit of the retiring Confederate army.

For his creditable career in the West he was made brigadier general in the regular army on June 14, 1862, called East, and placed in command of the Army of Virginia, formed by the union of the forces under Banks, Fremont and McDowell. McClellan was fulfilling neither the expectations of the government nor the hopes of the nation, and Pope became a figure of popular interest. His address to the army on assuming command was probably dictated by his ambition to be the man who could bring the victory so earnestly desired, but which had not yet been achieved, in the East. He boasted in that remarkable document that he had come "from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies," and from an army "whose business it has been to seek the adversary and to beat him when found." His theory of war was a sound one, for he said, "Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear." These words were universally understood to refer to McClellan, whose strong indisposition to make any move that did not leave him a safe road over which to retreat, if it became necessary, had provoked popular criticism.

Vainglorious as this address sounds to-day, it was well and hopefully received by the nation. But he was not destined to success. When McClellan was ordered back from the Peninsula, Pope had Lee and Jackson, as well as Longstreet, to face. But he was a good fighter, and he did his best. The second Bull Run was fought and lost; and the campaign was a failure, and early in September Pope resigned, and was assigned a department in the Northwest.

There has been no single point so fiercely debated as the failure of Fitz John Porter to come to Pope's aid at the second Bull Run. Had he done so, that battle might, and probably would, have been a victory. Pope always believed Porter to have been guilty of treachery and disobedience. There is one thing certain—that there was too much political wire-pulling among the generals of the Eastern army, and the Union cause suffered thereby. Porter was a sympathizer with McClellan, and hence disliked Pope. But it is doubtful if Pope would have succeeded, even had Porter done his duty, instead of playing the traitor. He was a good fighter, but not a great leader; and he would never have gained the place which Grant, Sherman and Sheridan reached after he had passed his brief hour of glory and passed into obscurity.

Gen. Sickles, who is a leading Democrat of New York city, earnestly declared before the nomination that Grover Cleveland cannot carry New York, as there are 25,000 Democratic ex-soldiers in that state who will never vote for him because of his pension vetoes. Sickles made a speech at a camp-fire at Washington on Wednesday night, in which he "roasted" Cleveland most artistically, thus creating a sensation among the old soldiers. Instead of endeavoring to make votes for Cleveland, Sickles gave the boys to understand that Grover is their enemy.

Bourbon supremacy is departing in the two Virginias. In 1884, Cleveland carried old Virginia by 6,003 majority; in 1888, he had not a majority, but only 1,539 plurality over Harrison. In West Virginia, the Democratic majority was 2,477 in 1884, but a plurality of only 506 in 1888. The political fields ought to be white for Republican reapers down there this year.

The New York Sun, which is Democratic to an ultra degree, declares that "there is no question that the tariff plank adopted at Chicago was meant to be the squarest possible declaration against protection, and in favor of free trade." Will the Cincinnati Enquirer make a note thereof?

The Democratic campaign liars are apparently all taking a turn at Whitelaw Reid. Their lies are so gross and palpable that they deceive no intelligent man, however.

OUR SEWING MACHINE.

The Success It Has Had—Preparing to Fill All Orders—The Guarantee We Give.

The New Blade Sewing Machine has now been long enough before the public to demonstrate that it is a complete success. Hundreds of them have been in use for months, and the testimony of purchasers is that it is as good a machine, in every respect, as those which retail all over the country at from $45 to $60. That is to say, it not only does as good work, as perfect, and covering as great a range of goods, from leather or the heaviest cloth to the finest cambric in thickness; but it is as well made, of as good materials, as finely finished, and in any and every respect the equal of the highest-priced machines. Of course, it is far superior to the cheaper machines.

As to price, other newspapers sell you a cheap machine, not one-half so good, for $22 and upward; we give you the machine and The Weekly Blade one year for $18. You save money, get a first-class machine and a copy of the best weekly newspaper in the United States for less money than one of those cheap and unsatisfactory machines would cost you.

We sold hundreds of the New Blade Machines last fall, and we do not know of one that is not doing good work and giving perfect satisfaction to its purchaser. During the past summer we have made no special effort to push the machine, but we have been selling an average of five or six per day, right along. We can recommend the machine unreservedly now, for it has been tested in hundreds of homes, and proved itself worthy of the full guarantee we give. We know it is going to sell enormously this fall, and we have prepared ourselves to meet the demand. We have facilities to furnish fifty machines per day this fall and winter, and we expect to sell at that rate during the renewal season of subscriptions. We have had letters from a great many people who stated that they contemplated purchasing a machine after harvest, and we are now ready to fill their orders.

There is no risk whatever in purchasing a New Blade Sewing Machine. We advertise that, in case any machine does not give satisfaction after fair trial, we will replace it with a new machine or refund the money, as you prefer. In all the machines thus far sold we have in only three or four instances been called upon to replace a machine, and this was because of injury in transit. We have never had but one call to refund the money—which we did—and we think this was from a person who really did not want a machine; for when it came back it was in perfect order. On the other hand, we have received hundreds of letters from purchasers who are not only entirely satisfied but more than pleased with their machines. Read the advertisement of the machine on another page.

Read the Question Bureau this week. You will find there some important matters bearing on the present political campaign.

A BIG SCHEME AFOOT.

The whole election machinery of New York is in the hands of Tammany, and its well-known methods of colonization and fraudulent counting which have in former years resulted in great frauds, will be tried again unless the friends of honest elections are alert. Hence a meeting of leading Republicans was held there last week to consider means whereby an honest election can be secured. This has set the New York World absolutely daft. It raves like a Billingsgate fishwoman at the Republicans, and declares the purpose of the meeting was to corrupt the pure-minded Tammany innocents.

We have believed, ever since Pulitzer started his corruption fund to go rainbow-chasing in the Northwest, that it was but a cover to some intended Democratic devilry in New York. Public attention was to be called to the blow and bluster made in Illinois, Minnesota, Wisconsin and the Dakotas, while some scheme of corruption or fraud would be quietly put through in the metropolis or its great suburbs. There is no doubt but that Blaine's defeat in 1884 was because Butler votes were counted for Cleveland by the thousand in Kings county (Brooklyn). A similar scheme would have been worked in 1888 had it not been for the watchfulness of the Republicans; and the men who thwarted that devilry have been abused steadily by the New York World ever since. The cat-like yowling and spitting in which the World is now indulging confirms us in our belief that there is a gigantic and daring plan on foot to carry New York for the Democrats by fraud. The Pulitzer fund is a blind. New York is the battle-ground, and it will surely go Republican if fraud can be blocked.

The attention of Chief of Police Raitz is respectfully called to the fact that in spite of his promise to the wife of one of its victims, that he would close the saloon on the corner of Railroad and Field avenues, on Sunday, its side door was wide open yesterday. Complaint of this place has been made repeatedly, and to Mr. Raitz, personally. If the officers on duty on that beat are not willing to close the place on Sunday, Mr. Raitz should replace them with men who are.

The papers out on the Pacific coast are challenging the Prohibitionist papers of the East to publish Bidwell's record as a land monopolist. They say the challenge dare not be accepted, as it is well known "that the Bidwells are among the heaviest holders of agricultural lands in that state." As the small farmers of the West are opposed to "land monopolists," they will not vote for Bidwell if it becomes known that he is one of the largest "land monopolists" in California.

The Chinese Six Companies of San Francisco have issued a proclamation warning Chinese residing in this country not to obey the Geary registration law. They have also appealed to their Emperor for protection. As a rule, the Chinamen will obey the Six Companies implicitly; and a very serious complication will arise. However, there is one way out of it—to expel from the country every one of the slant-eyed heathen who refuses.

"Tell those 'protection Democrats'—if you can find them—that their room is better than their company. They are not Democrats at all. They are Republicans, and, if they be honest men, they will vote for Harrison. We don't want them."—Henry Watterson.

Though the cholera scare is over, it is just as well to keep on cleaning up. The chances are, unfortunately, in favor of an epidemic next year.

Prosperity and Peck are creating panic in the Democratic camp.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Whalebone is $15,000 a ton.
There is an aluminum boat.
We make 35,000 watches a day.
Rubber paving is gaining favor.
America has 400,000 Bohemians.
Good boxwood timber is scarce.
Fitchburg has never had a strike.
Steel rails average eighteen years.
Mexico has a $2,000,000 cathedral.
Copper will be refined by electricity.
South Americans eat baked bananas.
There are fifty species of electric fish.
Textiles are first in Russia industries.
Lonneburg makes dolls for the world.
Western Union clears $5,000,000 a year.
A Vermont man has an aluminum nose.
The automatic telephone exchange is on trial.
New York produces two-thirds of our hops.
There are 3,000,000 men in standing armies.
Agriculture employs 3,000,000 Italian women.
Uncle Sam has 37,000 women telegraphers.
A Minneapolis mill makes 15,000 barrels of flour a day.
The World's Fair will show a thirty ton stone elephant.
The French government controls the tobacco industry.
China's foreign trade last year aggregated $250,000,000.
Greek infantrymen were always trained in stone throwing.
Out of 10,757 farms in Utah, 9,724 are made fertile by irrigation.
The velocipede was invented by a Frenchman named Drais, in 1817.
A new remedy for warts is the application of the blood of the porpoise.
Massachusetts' boot and shoe production is worth $100,000,000 per year.
It is said that of 10,757

DO YOU WANT $500

And a Chance to Get the Weekly Blade FREE for One Year?---If So, Read This Announcement.

THE BEST OFFER WE EVER MADE!

We believe this announcement to be the most remarkable one ever offered by any newspaper to the general public. It is entirely in the interest of our subscribers and of those who may become subscribers under its terms, and will cost us a great deal of money, the advantage being all on the side of the present Blade subscribers, as nearly every one of them will, without doubt, obtain two years' subscription to the Weekly Blade for $1. We feel gratified, however, at being able to give this advantage to our old subscribers, who have most of them been on our lists for many years; and all we ask is that they shall make this matter as public as they conveniently can among their neighbors and friends. We ask no one to take any time to solicit subscriptions for the Weekly Blade on these terms; but it will take only a few minutes to show your friends this remarkable announcement.

Our offer is this:

We will give to every person who reads this announcement, the Weekly Blade one year FREE, if he shall correctly guess who will be elected President of the United States at the coming November election. The conditions are simply these: Fill out the coupon below, with your name and address; write in the proper blank the name of the candidate you think will be the winner; cut out the coupon around the border, and send it to us in a letter with $1 enclosed. Presuming that you are already a subscriber, we will on receipt of this coupon and one dollar extend your time ONE YEAR from the date of expiration of your present subscription (this extension will be made immediately on receipt of your money). This coupon will be carefully filed away until after election. As soon as the result is made known, all those who have guessed correctly the name of the winning candidate will have their time extended for ANOTHER full year, FREE, thereby receiving the Weekly Blade TWO YEARS for the $1 sent us.

(Please bear in mind: Remittances under these terms must be $1 each, current funds, no discount or commission off, and no participation in any other one of our former or present premium offers. Make remittances by money order, express order, postal note, draft on New York or Chicago, or in currency by registered letter. Do not send checks on country banks. Do not send postage stamps, if possible to obtain other funds. No coupon will be filed unless accompanied by $1; neither will a coupon be filed if the remittance is short of the net amount—$1. No commission to agents allowed on this offer.)

Furthermore, we offer you still more advantages. Notice on the coupon the blank to be filled out with your guess as to the TOTAL NUMBER of votes which will be cast for ALL candidates at the coming Presidential election. Fill this out also, and you will participate in 206 opportunities for cash premiums, according to the premium list following:

LIST OF PREMIUMS:

1—$500 CASH to the one guessing the figures of the total vote.
2—$100 CASH to the next nearest.
3—.....$50 to the next
4—.....$25 to the next
5—.....$20 to the next
6—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
7—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
8—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
9—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
10—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
11—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
12—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
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14—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
15—.....One BLADE Sewing Machine to the next
16—.....$19 to the next
17—.....$18 to the next
18—.....$17 to the next
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54—.....$10 to the next
55—.....$10 to the next
56—.....$10 to the next

In addition to the above fifty-six premiums, we propose to add 150 new Blade Sewing Machines, in case our total renewals and subscriptions reach the number of 150,000. This will make the number of premiums 206, instead of the 56 given above, to be participated in by the 206 guessing nearest to the total number of votes polled at the coming election.

In case we receive less than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers, but 100,000 or more, we shall add 100 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above list of premiums, making the total number of premiums 156, instead of 56, as stated above.

In case we fall short of 100,000 renewals and new subscriptions, but receive 75,000 or more, we shall add 50 New Blade Sewing Machines to the above premium list, making the total number of premiums offered 106, instead of 56, as stated above.

We confidently expect to receive more than 150,000 renewals and new subscribers on the terms of this offer. We believe more than 100,000 of our present 115,000 subscription list will immediately renew on the terms of this offer; and it is certainly safe to estimate that 50,000 new subscribers will come to us, if our friends will take a little pains to show this offer to their neighbors and friends.

We shall not be surprised if 250,000 people avail themselves of this offer before the coming election day; and we are making extraordinary preparations to take care of that number of subscriptions.

The coupon below explains itself. All you have to do is to plainly fill it out, write your name and address very plainly, add your guesses carefully in their proper places, then cut the coupon from this paper, and mail it to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio," with $1 inclosed. Be particular, also, in the proper place on the coupon, to write "Renewal" if your name is now on our books, either as an annual or campaign subscriber; or "New" if your name is not on our books at present. This is merely to facilitate our work in the counting-room and mailing-room.

SOME FIGURES TO HELP.

As an aid to you in estimating what the total popular vote for President will be this year, we give you below the official figures of the total popular vote at the last four Presidential elections:

POPULAR VOTE, 1876.

Tilden, Dem.	4,284,885
Hayes, Rep.	4,033,950
Cooper, Greenback.	81,740
Green Clay Smith, Proh.	9,522
Walker, American.	2,636
Total vote, 1876.	8,412,733

POPULAR VOTE, 1880.

Garfield, Rep.	4,449,053
Hancock, Dem.	4,442,035
Weaver, Gbk.	307,306
Dow, Proh.	10,305
Phelps, American.	707
Total vote, 1880.	9,209,406

POPULAR VOTE, 1884.

Cleveland, Dem.	4,911,017
Blaine, Rep.	4,848,334
St. John, Proh.	151,809
Butler, People's.	133,825
Total vote, 1884.	10,044,985

POPULAR VOTE, 1888.

Cleveland, Dem.	5,538,233
Harrison, Rep.	5,440,216
Fisk, Proh.	249,907
Streeter, Union Labor.	148,105
Cowdry, United Labor.	2,808
Curtis, American.	1,591
Total vote, 1888.	11,380,860

Since the Presidential election of 1888, six new states have been admitted to the Union—North and South Dakota, Montana, Washington, Idaho and Wyoming. They were Territories in 1888, and as the people in the Territories have no vote for the Presidency, they are of course not included in the above table. We give below the total vote of each of these six states at the last state election:

	Total vote.
North Dakota (governor, 1890).	36,489
South Dakota (governor, 1890.)	77,607
Montana (congress, 1890.)	31,090
Washington (congress 1890.)	54,803
Idaho (governor, 1890.)	18,210
Wyoming (governor, 1890.)	16,032
Total	234,231

Study the above tables carefully. Note the rate of increase each four years; determine in your own mind what the increase this year will be; add what you think the total vote of the six new states will reach; and you will thus get close upon what the total vote for President this fall will be.

This blank coupon will be published seven weeks—the first publication in the issue of September 23, and the last on November 3. Every subscriber will therefore receive seven of these coupons. You will need but one for your own use. See how many of the other six you can induce your friends to use.

It is important that you IMMEDIATELY send your own renewal, no matter if you have just subscribed. Your time will be extended for one year more, anyhow, and for two years if you make the correct guess. We expect every subscriber whose subscription does not expire until next summer or next fall, to just as promptly send us immediately another year's renewal, as if his time expired next month. It is an offer that we shall never make again, and it is certainly to your interest to take advantage of it now.

The time is very short. Therefore, don't delay an hour after first reading this advertisement.

ONLY UNTIL NOVEMBER 8TH.

The terms of this offer will expire with all orders RECEIVED by us on November 8th. No coupons will be filed which are received AFTER that date.

We urge again that you send your renewal immediately. For the convenience of our clerical work, we ask you not to postpone it until the last week of the offer.

Here is the coupon:

COUPON.

Cut out this and enclose with your order for the WEEKLY BLADE one year, first filling out the following blank. This Coupon is not valid unless accompanied by $1.00 in current funds, for a year's subscription to the WEEKLY BLADE.

I believe _____ *will be Elected President of the United States at the coming November Election.*

This is a _____ *Subscription.*

If your name is now on our books, write "Renewal" in the blank space; if not, write "New."

I believe the Total Number of Votes Cast for all Presidential Candidates at the coming November Election, will be _____

Name _____

Post Office _____

County _____

State _____

Date _____ *1892.*

No. 2.

Read it carefully; fill in the blanks, cut it out and send it with one dollar to

"THE BLADE, TOLEDO, OHIO."

CHARLES F. PECK,

Labor Commissioner of New York—His Famous Report.

Labor Commissioner Charles F. Peck, of Albany, is still a very young man, although he has held his present state office for nine years. He created the first real sensation of the campaign by the publication of his annual report, which shows an increase in the wages of the laboring men in New York state. He refused to permit a committee to

LABOR COMMISSIONER PECK.

see the originals from which the report was compiled, and was arrested on a charge of burning them up. This charge was emphasized by a grand jury indictment. The main question as to whether the reports sent to him by manufacturers were public or private property is pending for decision in the Supreme court of the state. On the result will depend the nature and strength of the prosecution. Commissioner Peck's resignation was handed to Governor Flower early in 1892, but has never been acted upon.

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

A New Version.

"That's a neat motto," said Briny Billins to a real estate man who asks, "why pay rent when you can own your own home?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but I have just had a tenant who revised it in a way that made me dislike it. He says 'Why pay for a home when you can owe the rent money?'"—Washington Star.

His Re-roof.

Minister—Those wicked boys were playing ball again in Jones's lot as I came from church.

Minister's Wife—Didn't you stop to reprove them?

Minister—Yes, but it didn't have any effect. Young Cowles made a daisy three-bag hit and let in three runs, and the crowd didn't have any use for me.—Judge.

A Sure Case.

"I tell you," said the new policeman, "I'd like to arrest somebody. I haven't had a show yet."

"Well," replied the veteran, "you just tackle 'most any man you see carrying an umbrella. The chances are that you will make a case.—Washington Post.

Courting and Shopping.

He—Goodness! Eleven o'clock! How time flies when we are together, dear.

She—Doesn't it, though? I know of nothing like it except when I am shopping. —Indianapolis Journal.

No More Fish Stories.

Cobwigger—Brown doesn't talk any more about the big fish he brings home.

Merritt—His wife has bought a pair of kitchen scales.—New York Sun.

To Navigate the Trinity River.

The citizens of Dallas, Texas, are taking concerted steps to open Trinity river to navigation from their city to Galveston. It is said to be the concurrent testimony of steamboatmen and engineers that it is the most navigable stream in Texas, and that it only needs a little dredging and the construction of a few locks to enable boats to ascend it at all times of the year. Several months ago an exploration was made by a party on a steamboat from Dallas to a point near Palestine, and they reported that the obstructions to navigation were grossly exaggerated. Forty years ago, while Jefferson Davis was secretary of War, a survey of the river was made under his orders, and the engineer reported that $40,000 would open it to navigation, including the necessary work on Galveston bar. The people of Dallas propose to raise $100,000 and spend it on the river, and they think that if they can once open it to boats the general government will take it under its care.

English Crime and Punishment.

In an interesting list of cases compiled by an English paper one reads of a man who was fined $7 and costs for stealing an old shirt and 20 shillings for the third case of aggravated assault on his wife; of a man who was fined 20 shillings and costs for violent assault on a laborer's wife, and of another who was fined $25 for stealing a pint-and-a-half of milk; of milk; of two men convicted of an assault on a young girl fined $20 each, and of a lad for throwing a cruet, which hit a porter at the workhouse on the nose, imprisoned for two months. All of which goes to show the admirable workings of legal majesty in Great Britain, and the comparative sanctity in the eye of the law of a girl's honor and a workhouse porter's nose.

When and What to Read.

If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job.

If you are just a little strong-headed, go to see Moses.

If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah.

If there is no song in your heart, listen to David.

If you are a policy man, read Daniel.

If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah.

If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you.

If your patience is below par, read Paul.

If you are getting lazy, watch James.

If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.—Exchange.

A Common Case.

"Parker, I'm dead in love."

"Well, why don't you marry?"

"Can't."

"Won't she have you?"

"She? Who said anything about a she? It's myself I'm in love with."—Harper's.

New Use for Old Bottles.

Wool—What ought I to send Maud for a wedding present?

Van Pelt—Wasn't she an old flame of yours?

Wool—Yes.

Van Pelt—Then you might send her a tear bottle.—N. Y. Herald.

A Great Shame.

Little Boy—Isn't fathers queer?

Auntie—In what way?

Little Boy—W'en a little boy does anything for his papa, he doesn't get anything; but if another man's little boy does it, he gets five cents.—Good News.

On the Steamer.

Lubber—How are we going captain?

Captain—Oh, about eight knots an hour.

Lubber (with commercial instincts)—Net?—Judge.

One Division of Labor.

The rooster does the crowing, but the hen lays the eggs.—Detroit Free Press.

THE WIND'S STORY.

The North Wind blew at night off the sea,
Saying, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!
I sing of the numbing winter's breath,
I sing of snow and death.
I bring in the wave with the broken spar,
And the gray seas curling over the bar,
Drifting at night from a cold bright star—
Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The South Wind blew at noon off the sea,
Singing, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!
I sing of the golden buttercup breath,
I sing the peace of death.
I bring in the shells with the laughing tide,
And follow the brown sails home, and slide
In the drowsy heat down the meadow side—
Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

The East Wind blew at morn off the sea,
Crying, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!
I sing of the piercing iceberg's breath,
I sing the horror of death.
And the tempest's shriek in the rigging black,
And the spindrift wreath and the rolling wrack,
And the boat that never again comes back—
Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The West Wind blew at dawn off the sea,
Calling, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!
I sing of the joyous salt sea breath,
I sing. There is no death!
I murmur of sea caves rosy and deep,
And the glittering bay where the shoal fish leap,
And the lapse of the tide as it sinks to sleep—
Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"
—A. E. Gillington, in the Spectator.

Publishers' Desk.

TWO NEW PICTURES.

We have just received two timely pictures, which every reader of The Blade will want. Price 25 cents each, postpaid by mail. Both are 12x17 inches in size.

The first one is, "THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS." This is done in fine colors, and is an excellent copy of the great original, which is in the Capitol at Washington.

The second picture is "COLUMBUS AT THE COURT OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA." This also is executed in fine color work, and is a faithful of the renowned painting known by that name.

OUR GREAT HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL CHART.

Some time ago we discontinued the advertisement of the above chart in the Weekly Blade, but we still receive so many orders from readers who want it, that we have concluded to fill orders, for a short time, for it and the Weekly Blade at $1.75 for the two; but the offer will soon be withdrawn to make room for new premiums. This Chart is a great political educator, useful in every family where there is young people, as well as for their elders. It is one of the best and most compact resumes of political history, statistics and geographical information ever compiled on one sheet. An hour's study of this Chart will give anybody ten dollars' worth of information. Nothing of the sort published for many years has had so large a sale as this. Read the advertisement in another column, and order during the month of September, without fail!

OUR PORTRAIT OF HARRISON.

We are sending out a magnificent portrait, from a very recent photograph, of President Harrison, which shows him exactly as he looks to-day. This portrait is not the same as that we gave with the Weekly Blade four years ago, but is an entirely new one, engraved since the Minneapolis convention. It is very much larger, very much finer, and printed on better paper than that we offered as a premium in 1888.

We cannot give the portrait to all subscribers to the Weekly Blade this year, as we did before, because it is too expensive to present to low-priced campaign club subscribers. But we will send a copy of this new Harrison portrait to any person sending us

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for the Weekly Blade three months, or

FIFTY CENTS for the Weekly Blade six months, or

ONE DOLLAR for the Weekly Blade one year,

PROVIDED, the portrait is asked for when you send your order.

Of course, we do not mean to give but one premium to $1 yearly subscribers. Those who ask for the portrait must not expect any other premium in connection with their yearly subscriptions. Before the end of the campaign we will make an announcement for the benefit of our regular yearly subscribers to the Weekly Blade who want the portrait. Address all orders to "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

THE BLADE POLITICAL PAMPHLETS FOR 1892.

We have just issued the first number of a series of political pamphlets for the coming Presidential campaign. It is called "The Blade Political Pamphlet, No. 1," with Hon. J. M. Ashley's appeal for the Proportional Distribution of Political Power in the Legislature of Every State.

It is a neat pamphlet of 43 pages, in large clear type, on good paper, and will be sent by mail to any address for SIX CENTS (three 2-cent stamps). By express, $4 per 100. Simply order "Blade Political Pamphlet No. 1." Political clubs will find in its pages much material for discussion on the dangerous tendencies in our political system.

Address all orders: "The Blade, Toledo, Ohio."

BLADE CHINA TEA SETS and BLADE WASHING MACHINES.

Our Blade tea sets and Blade washing machines were very popular premiums last year, and are often inquired for. The offers for both made last year hold good for this season also. Our old readers are familiar with the offers, or have copies of The Blade containing them. New ones who wish to know what the offers are will please drop us a postal card, and we will send a copy of both advertisements, exactly as they were published last year. Briefly they are as follows:

An 80-piece china tea set and the Weekly Blade one year for $7; or the tea set as a premium for every club of 11 subscribers, accompanied by $11.

The washing machine and the Weekly Blade one year for $5; or the washing machine as a premium for a club of 10 subscribers, accompanied by $10. Send for a copy of the offers.

BEAUTIFUL PICTURES.

There is nothing which so adds to a home as nice pictures upon its walls. The Blade has sold tens of thousands of pictures—copies of the most celebrated paintings in the world. Only one person can own the original, but everbody can have a good copy at a very low price. We now offer the following:

"THE ROMAN CHARIOT RACE," in the Circus Maximus of Rome, by Alexander Wagner. This is in full colors, 17x24 inches in size, representing a race in the reign of Emperor Domitian, 88 years after Christ. The tiers of seats, crowded with a mass of excited people, run in a circular or oblong orm around a sandy arena, at the end of which are erected gilt cylinders in conical shape, forming the goals. The three chariots in the foreground, each drawn by four horses, make a scene of remarkable vigor.

"THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW—1814" by Messionier, the renowned French artist, and is in his best style. In full colors, 17x24 inches in size. The great original painting was sold in Paris for $170,000.

"CHRIST LEAVING THE PRAETORIUM," by Gustave Dore. A fine photo-etching, 21x28 inches. The scene represents Christ descending from the steps leading from the official tribunal of the Roman government of Jerusalem after his condemnation. The figure of the Savior, erect and commanding, is the center of attraction.

"NAPOLEON AT FRIEDLAND, 1807," the masterpiece of the renowned French painter Meissonier. It represents Napoleon saluting, with imperial gesture, his favorite regiment, the 12th Cuirassiers, as it swept by him to charge the Russians at Friedland. The copy we offer is 21x28 inches, in colors.

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," by Munkacsy, the famous Hungarian artist. This is not the picture we sold formerly; that was plain, but this is in colors, 17x24, reproducing with fidelity those of the original, which was sold to Postmaster General Wanamaker for $120,000.

"THE GRAND CANAL OF VENICE," by Turner, the famous English artist. The scene portrayed is the Grand Canal as seen from the quay.

"THE HORSE FAIR," by Rosa Bonheur. There is no need of describing this world-famous picture. We have sold thousands of them, and still the demand comes.

Any one of the above pictures will be sent by mail, postpaid, inclosed in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 CENTS.

Or, we will send any five of them you may choose for ONE DOLLAR.

Address all orders: THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Always Ahead.

Mr. Bleecker—I see, Mr. Livewayte, that so far the World's Fair people have managed to get the biggest deficit ever known in a great exposition at the present stage of the work.

Mr. Livewayte (of Chicago, proudly)—Chicago always has the biggest of everything, sir.—Puck.

Knew Jack.

Penelope—Jack really loves me after all. Perdita—What makes you so certain?

Penelope—Why, darling, he tried to make me believe that he loved you.—New York Herald.

The Weekly Blade two years for $1! How's that? Read our coupon offer on the fifth page of this issue.

Would Rather Listen.

Elder Berry—Wouldn't you like to be a member of the celestial chotr?

Jollots—I guess not; I hate rows. New York Herald.

TWO AUTUMN HATS.

They are Very Pretty and Effective Though Conspicuous.

The fashionable hat is conspicuous. Its brim is of astonishing width, it flares up and it bends down, while above it is a waving mass of feathers. The two hats shown in the illustration are good samples of what is correct for fall and winter wear.

The first shows the new crown, which is round and high, with a loose puffing

of silk at the top. There is a cluster of tips at the back, with the long plume coming from the side and drooping over the peaked front.

The other hat shows simply the brim, the entire crown being concealed by the feathers, long plumes, ordinary tips and Prince of Wales tips, all arranged together. This is to be a season of feathers. The greater number on a hat, the more stylish and effective it is considered.

OLD FORT MEIGS.

Oh, lonely is our old green fort,
Where oft in days of old,
Our gallant soldiers bravely fought
'Gainst savage allies bold.
But change of years has banished far,
That unrelenting foe—
Since we fought here with Harrison,
A long, long time ago.

It seems but yesterday I heard
From yonder thicket nigh,
Th' unerring rifle's sharp report—
The Indian's startling cry;
You brooklet running at our feet,
With crimson gore did flow—
When we fought here with Harrison,
A long, long time ago.

The river rolls between its banks
As when of old we came—
Each grassy path, each shady nook,
Seems to me still the same;
But we are scattered now whose faith
Pledged here, for weal or woe,
With Harrison our soil to guard,
A long, long time ago.

And many a soldier's lip is mute
And clouded many a brow;
And hearts that beat for honor then
Have ceased their throbbing now.
We ne'er shall meet again in life,
As then we met, I know,
When we fought here with Harrison,
A long, long time ago.

—U. S. Army Visitor.

LEFT-HANDED BY A BLOW.

Strange Effect of an Injury to a Girl's Head

Three years ago a young lady of Fall River, Mass., was hit on the left side of the head by a falling sign, as she was walking along a street in Boston. This was followed by a brain fever.

After some weeks she was as well in mind and body as ever, but from a right-handed person she had become so left-handed that she could neither cut, sew nor write with her right hand, but found it easy to do all these things with her left.

Her right hand was just about as useful as her left hand had been before she was hurt. What is strange is that, with so recent a change in the use of her hands, she never makes an awkward motion, and is as graceful in the use of her left hand as if she had been born left-handed.—Boston Post.

Just How the Fight Went.

"I once had a boxing match with Sullivan," said the citizen who is full of reminiscence.

"Go 'way. You don't say so!" replied the little man who liked athletics.

"Yes. It was a great match. You see, I led, and he countered."

"Yes, yes!"

"Then we had a short clinch, and then——"

"I know!" said the little man, excitedly. "I've tried those tactics myself. Then you hit and he feinted, and——"

"No; you're wrong. He hit and I fainted."—Washington Star.

Its Proper Name.

"What do you call that deal for 90-cent hose?" asked old Mr. Taxpayer of the city official.

"Why, a 'contract,' of course," was the reply.

"A contract!" growled the old gentleman. "Well, it strikes me more like an expansion."—Baltimore News.

Both Found It So.

"Woman is a creature of moods," said young Kissam, as he toyed with a note he had just received from his best girl.

"You are right," replied Peck; "and after you are married you'll find that it is usually the imperative mood."—Puck.

The Application Thereof.

Platt I. Tudor—There is a great deal in cleanliness being next to godliness.

Strickly Bizz—You bet; I'm working to get our soap advertisement on the fly-leaf of the prayer-book.—Truth.

Always the Same.

Briggs—Isn't that the same suit you had last year?

Griggs—Yes; and it's the same suit that you asked me last year if it wasn't the same suit that I had the year before.—Truth.

Fleeting Hours.

"Time out of mind" 's a phrase, I ween,
That ever set my brain awhirl,
'Till I discovered it to mean
The moment's spent with one's best girl.
—N. Y. Herald.

Why Not?

Cawker—What is this pair of spectacles worth?

Jeweler—Three dollars.

Cawker—Can't you knock off half, because I'm blind in one eye?—Troy Press.

How It Happened.

The sportive granger's suicide
Quite simply came to pass.
He "threw in" all his money first,
And then blew out the gas.
—Washington Star.

An Agnostic.

Mr. Knowells—I am told that he doesn't believe in anything.

Mr. Growells—How can he? He doesn't know anything.—Puck.

With Perfect Ease.

Jinks—Isn't Gallon drinking pretty hard again?

Filkins—No; with scarcely an effort.—N. Y. Herald.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS SOON.

It won't be long till the drums will beat,
And we'll all go marching down the street;
The fifes and flutes will sweetly play,
While the big brass horns will loudly bray.
Our breasts with manly pride will swell,
As we hip-hurrah and shout and yell;
For that is the kind of an argument
We use to elect a President.

We'll march when the sun will fry and scorch,
We'll march at night and we'll carry a torch,
We'll walk ten miles through the stony street,
And we'll get stone-bruises on our feet.
How we'll rally round the dear old flag,
As we blow, and bet, and bluff, and brag!
For that is the way the summer's spent
When we have to elect a President.

With friends we'll quarrel like dogs and cats,
And we'll have a score of party spats,
And we'll get mad and argufy,
And we'll come back home with a big black eye.
We'll shout till we almost split our throats,
But of course we won't change any votes;
Yet that is the way, so we all consent,
In which to elect a President.

And when we've elected our man—oh! then
We'll all get down to our work again,
And we'll find that it costs as much or more
To live than it ever cost before.
The promised era of golden days
Will flee where the lonely flim-flam plays;
But this one thought will bring content—
We helped to elect the President.
—Nixon Waterman in Truth.

Happy indeed are the homes which contain "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.

The Weekly Blade two years for $1! How's that? Read our coupon offer on the fifth page of this issue.

The Sunday School.

Dorcas Raised to Life.

LESSON II., SUNDAY, OCTOBER, 9.

Golden Text: This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.—Acts 9: 36.

LESSON TEXT.

(Acts 9: 32-43.

32. And it came to pass, as Peter passed throughout all quarters he came down also to the saints which dwelt at Lydda.

33. And there he found a certain man named Eneas, which had kept his bed eight years, and was sick of the palsy.

34. And Peter said unto him, Eneas, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: arise, and make thy bed. And he arose immediately.

35. And all that dwelt at Lydda and Saron saw him, and turned to the Lord.

36. Now there was at Joppa a certain disciple named Tabitha, which by interpretation is called Dorcas: this woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.

37. And it came to pass in those days, that she was sick, and died: whom when they had washed, they laid her in an upper chamber.

38. And forasmuch as Lydda was nigh to Joppa, and the disciples had heard that Peter was there, they sent unto him two men, desiring him that he would not delay to come to them.

39. Then Peter arose and went with them. When he was come, they brought him into the upper chamber: and all the widows stood by him weeping, and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them.

40. But Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed; and turning him to the body said, Tabitha, arise. And she opened her eyes; and when she saw Peter, she sat up.

41. And he gave her his hand, and lifted her up; and when he had called the saints and widows, he presented her alive.

42. And it was known throughout all Joppa; and many believed in the Lord.

43. And it came to pass, that he tarried many days in Joppa with one Simon, a tanner.

Illustrative Applications.

Peter went throughout all parts (v. 32). As Peter was a leader and overseer in the apostolic work, Peter must keep a personal watch on all the field. No man can be a successful leader and overseer in any larger field than he looks after personally. The best pulpit work in the world can never take the place of pastoral work; nor can a pastor's pastoral work be more extensive than the field traversed by the pastor personally. So it is with the work of a superintendent in the Sunday school. Only so far as he knows the particular wants of his classes severally, and the special qualities and relative worth and efficiency of his teachers separately, can he be a superintendent of those classes or of those teachers.

He found a certain man which had kept his bed eight years (v. 33). Eight years is a long time to wait for a cure; isn't it? But even when a man has waited eight years without any sign of help, he has no need to despair. Peter's first miracle was on a man who had waited forty years for a cure. And here he finds a man who had been helpless only one-fifth of that time. Eight years is not so very long, after all, when you compare it with forty. There is hope in this thought for others than Aeneas. If your special trouble has weighed on you for now eight years, its lifting may be just at hand. If four times eight years have passed, without any lightening of your burden, even yet there may be a cure for you. "Ye have need of patience," as well of faith.

Jesus Christ healeth thee (v. 34). He who saves from sin can save from the effects of sin. He who heals the soul from sin can heal the body also. "Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins are forgiven; or to say, Arise and walk?" Of course Jesus Christ can cure diseases to-day, as he healed them while He was here in the flesh, and He will heal them if He sees that it is best to do so. We can still go, in prayer and in faith, and trust ourselves to Jesus, for the cure of both our spiritual and our bodily diseases, or for our spiritual gain through our bodily disorders. Jesus Christ, the Healer, as well as Jesus Christ the Saviour, is "the same yesterday and to-day, yea and for ever."

This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did (v. 36). She was evidently running over full. In fact, no one ever shows a fulness, or anything like a fulness, of good works or of almsdeeds, until his or her works and deeds do run over. There is no such thing as being just full enough of good works and almsdeeds to know it one's self, and not have anybody else know it. Good works and almsdeeds come from a running stream; not from a stagnant pool. And the only way to keep always full of these is to be always giving them out. It was the "almsdeeds which she did" that this woman was full of. Those are the only almsdeeds which are of the filling sort. Almsdeeds which we intended to do, or which we ought to have done, but which we neglected, never fill us up. The more good works and the more almsdeeds we do, the fuller of them we shall be.

Entreating him, Delay not to come on unto us (v. 38). Promptness is a large element in Christian help. It is often quite as important to do a work at once, as to attempt it at all. If you see a man on the railroad track unconscious of an approaching train, it is of little use to warn him of his danger unless you do it without delay. If a physician is summoned to a man who has taken poison, or who is bleeding to death, it is now or never, to respond to that call. So in many a word of kindly warning or of loving sympathy, and in many a deed of generous and thoughtful ministry, delay is fatal. Yet how many things we think of saying to, or doing for, others, out of a spirit of sympathy, or of compassion, or of fidelity, which we let go unsaid or undone, because we do not act at once on the generous and noble impulse!

All the widows stood by him weeping, and shewing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them (v. 39). There is no such thing as gratitude which is more than an expectation of future favors. Loving words and deeds make grateful memories in the hearts of those who have received them. Those who look for legacies from the estates of men and women who were full of riches which they held on to as long as they lived, have no such sorrow for the dead, no such grateful recollections of them, as do those who have coats and garments, and gifts of affection and sympathy, which they received while the now dead givers were yet with them. If you want to be mourned when you are dead, you must arrange for it in some other way than by legacies. It is those whom you ministered to while you were yet with them, who will honestly and heartily mourn you—if you are mourned at all.

Peter put them all forth, and kneeled down, and prayed (v. 40). Giving one's self up to tears of sympathy with weeping mourners is not always the best thing to do in an hour of sorrow. There may be more hope of our help to those who mourn by our turning away from them in order to our closer communion with God in their behalf, than by our sitting by their sides to mingle our tears with theirs. If we are to seek God's help for them, we need to be alone with God. And if we cannot secure help for them through God's interposition, how can we hope to help them at all?

Calling the saints and widows, he presented her alive (v. 41). It was for the mourning saints and widows that Peter had interceded with God. Dorcas was well enough off when she had gone to be with her Lord; but those who were left behind had need of her; so Peter asked that she be restored to this life, to begin again her running over with good works and almsdeeds, which she was sure to be doing. It was right for Peter to think of the needy saints and widows, rather than of the godly Dorcas alone. All of us have a duty to make prominent the needs of those who are about us sorrowing, and to do and to endure what is necessary in their behalf. There are a good many who, if they thought only of themselves, would be glad to be as Dorcas was when Peter kneeled by her bedside; who ought to consent to be lifted up anew from their couch of weariness, in order to be presented afresh to those who love them, and who need their loving care. And it is right for us to ask God to prolong and renew the lives of those who are full of good works and almsdeeds, even if they would be better off, so far as they alone are concerned, if they were to depart and be with Christ, as perhaps they are longing to.

Many believed on the Lord (v. 42). Not Peter, but the Lord whom Peter represented and heralded, was to be believed on and trusted in, because of the power shown in the working of these miracles. And this should be the result of all preaching and teaching and well-doing and holy living on the part of the followers of Jesus. Anything short of this is the failure of the whole. The question is not, Do your people, or your scholars, or your children, or your friends, believe in you? but it is rather, Do they believe on Him whose you are, and whom you serve? That is the test question concerning your success as a disciple of Jesus.—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

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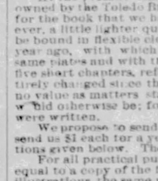
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HOME TALKS.

THE WOMAN'S FAIR EXHIBITS.

General Display and How It is to be Arranged—What the Woman's Building is For and What Purpose to Subserve.

A great deal has been said in regard to the Woman's Building at the Columbian Exposition, its purposes and the end to be secured by its building. The idea that it was to make a separate exhibition of the productions of woman's brains and hands gained ground thoroughly in the beginning, and is still held by many people. Very many women strongly objected to such an arrangement, feeling that their exhibits should not be put apart from the work which has been done by men, but rather that they should be so placed as to compete with the best and most successful productions in all departments of classified exhibits, without regard to sex distinction. So strong was this feeling that very many decided that they would not enter into the woman's department, a state of things which promised that the best of woman's work would be withheld.

In truth, a little consideration shows that a large part of the labor of the world is performed by men and women in conjunction, and that it is an absolute impossibility to separate it. And not only an impossibility, but it would be an injustice to women themselves to attempt to do so.

One of the first decisions that was made by the Lady Board of Managers was against the creation of a department to contain a collection of work done by women alone. The work of the managers was to be broader in its scope. They were made co-ordinate officers with the commission in all departments. They were given the appointment of the jury of awards for woman's work and the entire charge of the interests of women in the whole exposition, as well as the absolute control of the Woman's Building itself. Their object and the work which they set themselves to do was to gain for the general Exposition buildings a fair presentation of the creditable work that was being done by women in industrial, scientific and artistic directions. They desire to secure statistics and all interesting data connected with the exhibit in the different departments; to see that all productions from women and from those manufacturers who represent woman's work are considered and accepted whenever possible; to attend to the location of women's work in the different departments; to appoint the proportion of jurors to which the board is entitled in all departments where women are contributors, and finally to forward in every possible way the interests of women in the Exposition.

As may be seen, their duties are in the highest degree onerous and responsible. It is no play undertaking, but rather one that challenges the best brains, the strongest energies, and the most determined and persistent labor. In order to carry forward the work, they have called upon women and associations of women to actively co-operate with them in every way possible.

One of the strongest desires of those having this matter in charge is to remove the impression that women are doing little skilled labor, or little steady and valuable work, for, as a consequence of this impression, they are not taken seriously into consideration when dealing with industrial problems. The board also desires to show that the assertion that women never learn to do anything thoroughly well, is false, feeling that this idea once put to flight will cause an equality of wages with those which are paid to men for equal services. Once demonstrated that woman's labor is an important factor in the industrial world, and not only important, but a permanent one, and the old condition of things will pass away, bringing a far better state of things for them whenever they undertake to work side by side with men in competition for wages.

All these things, it is hoped, will be accomplished by the exhibits which will be made in the Main Exhibition buildings. Woman's accomplishment will not be lost as it was in the Centennial Exposition because it was not looked after by those who had a permanent interest in it, namely women themselves. It is then of the utmost importance that women everywhere, in every part of the country, do their utmost to make as good a showing as is possible. They cannot afford to let this opportunity pass by, for it means so much more than the mere showing of accomplishment, and the influences will extend so far beyond the bare fact of the exhibition.

So much for the general exhibits which are to be made where the work of both men and women, done in conjunction, will be shown in competition, and where only the best, without regard to sex, can take the lead. There is beside this, the Woman's Building, and no doubt many are wondering what this can be for, if there is really to be no separate woman's department. It has, however, its purpose, and a most important one. It is intended to make there a plain demonstration that while women have been largely occupied hitherto as home-makers, and have not, until very recently, received industrial or artistic training, yet their ingenuity and power of adaptation have been many times so pronounced that they have produced the things which have had the greatest influence upon the development of civilization.

Going way back in the centuries, her work will be traced downward to the present. It will be shown, so plainly that there can be no mistake, that woman has been the originator of most of the industrial arts, and only when these became lucrative were they appropriated by men, while she was pushed aside. As is well said in the circular sent forth, making explanation of what the Board proposes to do:

"While man, the protector, was engaged in fighting, or the chase, woman conducted the rude semblance of a home. She dressed and cooked the game, and later, ground the grain between the stones and prepared it for bread. She cured and dressed the skins of animals, and fashioned them awkwardly into garments. Impelled by the necessity for its use, she invented the needle, and twisted the fibers of plants into thread. She invented the shuttle, and used it in weaving textile fabrics in which were often mingled feathers, wool, and down, which contributed both to the beauty and warmth of the fabric. She was the first potter, and moulded clay into jars and other utensils for domestic purposes, drying them in the sun. She originated basket-making, and invented such an infinite variety of beautiful forms and decorations as put to shame modern products. She learned to ornament these articles of primitive construction by weaving in feathers of birds, by a very skillful embroidery of porcupine quills and vegetable fibres, and by the use of vegetable dyes."

If nothing more is acomplished in the Woman's Building than this, it would be sufficient reason for its existence, but it has a still further purpose in the way of an exhibit, about which I will tell you another time.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Household Chats on Etiquette.

No. 4.

"A New Subscriber" writes: "We had a friend visiting us who received many calls. She was unable to return all of them, but we gave a reception for her, to which all who had called were invited. All accepted the invitation, but afterwards one lady said she felt offended because her call had not been returned. Did the invitation answer instead of a call? It was intended that it should do so."

Ans.—Certainly it did. An invitation to the house is always equivalent to a call, especially if the lady's visiting card is enclosed with the invitation.

Mrs. L. M. C. asks if it is necessary to ask ladies to remove their wraps when they are making formal calls, and if one has a friend visiting her, should she invite acquaintances to call upon her, and take her friend with her in making calls.

Ans.—First: It is not necessary, as they are not supposed to stay but a short time. Should the temperature of the room require it, a wrap may be loosened during a call, but not removed. Second: You should invite your acquaintances to call upon your friend, unless she has some reason for declining to meet them, and you should accompany her when she returns the calls made on her.

Calls should not be extended to any great length of time, especially first calls, and when you think it time to go, do not delay longer. It is very unpleasant and awkward for both hostess and guest to stand and talk, after a movement has been made toward the door. There are some who do not know how to get away without several efforts, but it can be done, and should be.

When there is severe illness or affliction in the house of a friend, cards with "To inquire" written above the name may be left at the door, or a message of sympathy may be penciled on the card, but on no account should we seek to enter the house unless especially invited so to do. Mrs. Sherwood, in her excellent book on "Manners and Social Usages," tells of a lady who, on recovering from a severe illness, sent to all who had left cards or had inquired, cards engraved as follows: "Mrs. —— presents her compliments and thanks for kind inquiries." Although this is not "the style," it showed a grateful appreciation, on her part, of the thoughtful attentions of her friends, and such an acknowledgment must have been gratifying to them.

About three weeks before her marriage a young lady should leave her card with her mother's, and not, as she has formerly done, use the same card. This indicates her intention of setting up an independent establishment of her own.

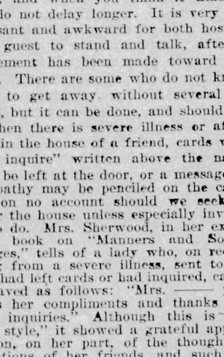
A gentleman calling on a lady should send his card in by the servant, to avoid danger of mistakes, but he can send a verbal message with it, that he would like to see all of the ladies if they are at home, unless his call is intended but for one. In calling upon a lady who is visiting with friends, you should ask first for the lady of the house and afterwards for the guest.

A married man sends his bachelor cards to such of his friends as he desires to continue their former friendship, and those receiving such cards, should call upon the bride within ten days after she is settled in her new home. Wedding cards are sent to those only whom the newly married couple desire to retain on their list of acquaintances. No answer to these is required, except to call upon their reception days, but a dinner card, or any bearing the letters R. S. V. P., should be answered at once, either accepting or declining the invitation.

Instead of the above letters, many of the most cultivated people now have engraved: "The favor of an answer is requested," which is the meaning of the letters. The cards left at an "At Home" day should be examined by the hostess very soon after, and when she has revised her calling list by them, they should be removed and not left to accumulate in the card-receiver, in order to give the callers the impression that she has an extensive circle of acquaintances, as is sometimes done.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Sachet Bag.—This may be made of two colors of satin ribbon or moire if one prefers. A very light shade of green with a dark one is pretty, or yellow and black, or pink and blue. Suppose you take the two shades of green. Have 3-4 of a yard of the light 4 1-2 inches wide and 1 1-8 of the dark 3 inches wide. Get 61 brass rings, a half inch in diameter, and a ball of knitting silk to match the light green ribbon, and a yard of light green ribbon 1 1-2 inches wide. First cover 24 rings with silk in single crochet stitch. These may be covered separately and sewed together in a single row, or they may be covered by working the first all around them joining it to the second and working half way round, then join to the third and so on to the 24th, which is to be worked all around, and



then follow down the uncovered half until the one from which the start was made is reached. Sew this to one side of the light green ribbon, folding it in halves, and having the rings stop at equal distances from the ends. Cover another strip of the rings and sew to the other side. Then cut the dark green ribbon in two parts and sew each to the other side of the rings. Crochet a row of rings, and put across the bottom and into each about 30 threads of silk, each thread six inches long, making a handsome fringe. Fringe the top ends of the ribbons, fasten the light green together by a tie of baby ribbon, and the dark green by a bow and ends of the 1 1-2 inch wide ribbon. Put wadding upon which sachet powder has been sprinkled between the two sides. The bottom may be finished with tassels alternating of the two colors if preferred, or with a broad lace.

Table Scarf.—Take a piece of plain net of any desired length and width. Darn the net in stripes with yellow embroidery silk, decorate one end with a piece of pretty lace 4 or 5 inches in width; on the other end make two points formed of net wheels. The wheels are made from the plain net doubled, and the two ends sewed together along one edge and drawn closely together in the center. A star made with yellow embroidery silk may be made over the gathering in the center.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; tto, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; tr, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Lady's Crocheted Skirt.

Materials: Germantown wool, 4 skeins of blue and 4 of drab; coarse tricot needle.

Yoke—Make a chain of 55 stitches; * with the blue, and work three rows in afghan-stitch. Next work one row with drab to the 8th stitch from the end of the row, which forms the top of skirt, then one row to the 16th stitch from the top in drab. Repeat from * until there are 23 stripes of drab. Finish with three rows of blue.

Flounce—Make a chain of 75 stitches; * with drab wool; work 8 rows; then work 2 with blue, 2 drab, 2 blue and 2 drab. Next work 8 rows with blue, 2 drab, 2 blue, 2 drab and 2 blue. Repeat from * until you have 6 broad stripes of drab and 6 of the blue, and then join together. In making the flounce, the following directions must be exactly followed: 1st row, plain tricot; after that make 1 chain at beginning of each row to form an extra stitch, and leave off a stitch at end of each row, keeping the same number of stitches all the time, but giving the flounce a bias appearance. Fasten yoke to flounce with chain of 5 stitches, caught first in the flounce and then to the yoke.

Through the openings made by these chains of 5, a blue ribbon, No. 7, may be run and tied in a bow.

At the waist finish off the skirt with one row in c, putting 1 ch between. Through this a cord and tassel may be run. The opening at back of yoke may be finished with a scallop.

Border of Flounce—1 row in drab shells of 5 stitches, 2 rows of blue, 2 of brown and 3 of blue; the last blue row having 6 stitches in each shell.

Correspondence.

Some Hints About Boys' Clothes.—I think boys' clothes are much harder to make than girls, as they are apt to have a "home made" look. A few days since a lady showed me a pretty little suit consisting of a pair of knee pants and jacket. They were of heavy navy blue cloth, and were trimmed with narrow gilt braid and gilt buttons. She told be the whole suit was made from a pair of old light brown pants.

The goods was so streaked that she dyed it with navy blue diamond dye. The boy is five years old, and it required very close cutting to get out the suit [illegible] were an exact fit, so no cloth was wasted [illegible] terns were all placed upon the goods before a piece was cut. Her directions for making boys' pants were as follows: Sew up the side seams first, and press them, then put in a hip pocket, in this way, mark the place with chalk upon a strip of the goods, and baste it upon the pants, so the mark will come where the pocket is wanted. Stitch two lines near together along the chalk mark, and cut between the stitchings, and push the cloth through the slit and baste into place. Now cut a piece of cambric a little wider than the slit, place it on the under side of the pants, and stitch through them, as near the edge of the seam as possible. Place another strip of cambric between the pants and the piece that was sewed on, and stitch across the lower edge of the slit. Sew these strips together to form a pocket, and work bars of button-hole stitch at each end.

The inside seam of the leg is next sewed. In order to press these seams, pin a cloth around a rolling pin, or a large bottle, and put it inside of the leg. Sew up the body seams, and after they are pressed flat, stitch a piece of paper over the seam.

The pressing is an important feature, as unless it is properly done, garments of heavy cloth are sure to have a "home made" look.

The coat had three tiny pleats stitched each side of the buttons. A plain round turn-over collar finished the neck. There was a row of gilt braid down the outer seam of the pants leg. The same was used upon the collar and sleeves. The bottom of the jacket was turned up once and stitched; it being heavy cloth would not ravel. Gilt buttons were used up the front and upon the sleeves. —Jean Hunt.

Correspondence Clippings.

The suggestion made by Violet in The Blade of last week, that the tastes of our young men are to be criticised in regard to the choosing of companions among our girls, agrees exactly with my views of the question, looking at it from my standpoint in this neighborhood. So when I see the young men of my acquaintance going, a year or two after they have married one of these flashily attractive young ladies with soiled linen, or perhaps worse clothing, out at elbows and knees, I say to myself, verily they have gotten your reward and deserve no pity.—Bess.

More About the World's Fair.—The women who never grow old are those who drink in new life by fresh thoughts apart from themselves. It is the stay-at-home women who think ill of their neighbors, who become sharp-tongued and bring destructive thoughts to those about them; hence the World's Fair, in a moral and spiritual sense, will be an event, the importance of which can scarcely be overestimated.

Great preparations are being made for cheap and comfortable lodging houses. Several large hotels are being built for the accommodation of working women and girls, where lodging may be had at the rate of from 40 to 60 cents per day, with restaurants attached, where a good meal will be furnished for 15 cents. The school-houses are to be made available for the accommodation of school teachers who visit the fair, at the rate of 20 cents per day. Many private families will rent rooms for 75 cents per day. Car fare, 5 cents per trip. Admission to the fair, 50 cents. No doubt railroad fare will be cheaper than on any other similar occasion.

In consideration of what may be gained by seeing the greatest exposition of the world, will it not pay to commence planning for the trip?

In due time I will give to the readers of the Household specific information with regard to lodging-houses and the programme of each month of the fair.—C. C.

The editor would like to hear from the members of the Household as to how they are planning to earn, or save, money to enable them to attend the great exposition. It would be very interesting to us all to know the different methods by which the ingenious brains of smart women are to make a way for them to avail themselves of the benefits that will follow a visit to the Columbian exposition. Such a visit will be a liberal education to all, and we hope to hear from those who can suggest plans by which others may profit. And later, when the visit has been made, we hope the fortunate ones will give the benefit of their experience to those who are obliged to forego the pleasure.—Ed.

Make a plain skirt of the satin and a long coat of the brocade, with plain satin vest; or else a short basque in front and long tails behind. You could make a stylish skirt by having the front and sides cut in five gores of equal size, and make the front and two back ones of the brocade, and the two next, the front and the full back of the satin; cover the seams with a narrow jet passementerie. Your artist could be made in any desired style. You should be able to make a handsome suit, and by buying a little jet trimmings or lace and ribbon, and making it yourself, it ought not to cost over $5. It can be made plain and rich by not using any trimmings but the goods.—Jean Hunt.

Next to laying the little lifeless body away, there is nothing sadder than folding away the little clothes. As piece after piece is neatly folded and laid in a pile, as if our darling was being prepared for a journey, how near it brings us to our loved one again; what sweet, sad memories of his innocent life hover o'er us. It seems as if the baby is once more so near us that through our tears we dimly see him, not suffering as were his last moments of life, but bright and happy as an angel. Then I say to myself, every one born on this earth has his mission, even a dear little baby who only lived a few short months has not lived in vain. Our lives have been made better by his having lived. Our souls have been purified by the suffering we have endured, through our sad bereavement. Then I say, verily, God is good, as I lovingly lay the little bundle away. —A Mother.

This season when colds are so common, perhaps it may not be amiss for me to send a couple of remedies that have been recommended to me by persons who can warrant them. One is, to take equal quantities of quinine and powdered rhubarb, say 2 grains of each (this is for a grown person), mix thoroughly and take at night on retiring, and my informant sayeth that there will be no trace of the cold left in the morning if this treatment is resorted to in time. If you do not try it the first appearance of the cold, you may need to repeat it the second, or even the third, time, but it is a certain cure. Another recipe is more trouble, but is said to be a cure for the worst of colds, especially those affecting the lungs. Take 3 fresh laid eggs and cover them for 24 hours with the strongest and purest of cider vinegar. By this time the shells will be entirely absorbed by the vinegar. Then remove the thin covering around the eggs, add 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar for each egg, and beat the whole, eggs, vinegar and sugar, until it forms a honey-like mass, adding more sugar if necessary. Give of this 1 tablespoonful four times a day. I am anxiously waiting till I have a cold so that I can try these myself, for I have great confidence in those who gave them to me, but I am so seldom troubled in that way that I thought I would not wait any longer before sending them to theHousehold.—Frances Howard.

Inquiries.

Will some one explain how to make milkweed balls, and how to color them? —A Reader.

Will some one give recipe for making "hot tomalies"?—B. T.

I would like to ask Jean Hunt if white India linen or linen lawn can be dyed successfully a light blue, or Nile green, with diamond dyes for cotton?—A. J. Thomas.

Will some one tell me some thing that would be an appropriate gift for a gentleman on his birthday?—Rea.

I would like to ask some one how, in moving into a house that has had a doubiful tenant, we are going to discover if there are any traces of the much dreaded bed bug, before we have moved our belongings thereto, and how to exterminate them?—Mrs. Dorothea.

Can any one tell me why, when I bake cake, it will always rise up in the middle? If baked in a round basin, the cake will be a pyramid; if in an oblong tin, there is a ridge the whole length, and I never can have a smooth surface to spread the icing on, like the cakes we buy at the bakery.—Perplexed Cook.

Will some one send recipe for ice cream cake?—Helen S.

Will Jean Hunt tell us a pretty way to dress an old lady's neck? She is a slender woman.—Bess.

Will some one send directions for making a watchchain of knitting silk, and how much silk does it require?—A Friend of The Blade.

Will some one give a remedy for leaf blight on a nasturtium vine? I have a passiflora vine, three years old, but it has never had a bloom on. What shall I do to make it bloom? It looks well.—A Reader.

Can any one tell me if there is any thing a person could snuff up the nostrils to relieve the offensive odor of catarrh? I have it in a very bad form. I doctored with an eminent physician all one summer, but was no better. Have tried a good many things that have been recommended. Am always worse afterwards.—An Inquirer.

Will some one send directions for baby's hood, or bonnet, in crocheting, and once more explain crochet and knitting abbreviations?—M. M. O.

Answers to Inquiries.

Subscriber.—We have not the address you asked for.—Ed.

Cathy M.—Thanks for your kind letter, and be assured of the sympathy of the editor in the trouble that has come to you.—Ed.

Bess.—Conduct the entertainment the same as you would at any time. If any of those who were present at the first wedding are living, invite them. There will be no need of especial effort to entertain the company, as they will doubtless have a pleasant evening visiting with old friends and recalling the past.—Ed.

Minnie D.—Madrid is pronounced the same as either sylable taken separately would be usually Mad—rid.—Ed.

Rea.—Your question reaches us too late for the paper in which you desired the answer to be given. The present would depend much upon who the gentleman was. It is not best for young ladies to give an expensive present to a gentleman to whom she is not engaged. Suppose you consult with your mother on the subject. She can tell you better than a stranger what is best.—Ed.

R. E. G.—You would have to offer your designs to some house that publishes such things, as Prang & Co., of Boston, Mass. Your finished work should be placed in stores for the sale of fancy work, or in bookstores. If you could make arrangements with some dealer to dispose of them for you it would save you much trouble.—Ed.

Mrs. R.—The editor will be glad to have the patterns for the Household.—Ed.

Worried Mother.—For insufficent milk drink freely of new warm milk; if you cannot obtain it right from the cow, add one-tenth water and heat in a pan of water to a temperature of 120 degrees.—Mrs. R.

Recipes.

DINNER MENU.

Veal Soup.

Potato Salad. Pressed Chicken.
Cheese. Toasted Crackers. Jelly.
Gingerbread. Tapioca Cream.
Coffee.

Veal Soup.—Place a knuckle of veal, with the bones broken, into 2 qts. of water. Add 1 onion and 1-2 cupful of rice and let it simmer for 3 hours. Then beat the yolks of 2 eggs in 1-2 pt. of sweet cream, a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Pour this into the soup, let it boil up once, strain through a colander and serve very hot.

Pressed Chicken.—Boil a chicken in a small quantity of salted water until thoroughly done. Remove the bones and skin and chop fine. Stir 3 rolled crackers to 1 cupful of the water in which the chicken was boiled, stir into the chopped meat and season to taste. Use more of the water if necessary. Wet a mold, put the prepared meat into it, and put a weight on it till it is cold. Turn out of the mold and cut in slices.

Gingerbread—One and one half cupfuls of molasses; 1-2 cupful of brown sugar, 1-2 cupful of butter, 1-2 cupful of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon and ginger and 3 cupfuls of flour.—Sadie M.

Soft Gingerbread.—One cupful sorghum molasses, 1-3 cupful buttermilk, 1 heaping teaspoonful of soda, 1 well-beaten egg, 1 teaspoonful ginger, 1 tablespoonful of lard, 1 teaspoonful of salt and flour to make a thin batter. Mix quickly and bake in a quick oven, being careful not to burn it.—Rosemary.

Lemon Pie.—Beat together 1 heaping tablespoonful of flour, and 1 teaspoonful of butter, add to this 1-2 cupful sugar, the grated rind and juice of 1 large lemon, and two well-beaten eggs. Stir all together and just before pouring the mixture into the crust, add 1 cupful of rich, new milk. If desired the white of 1 egg may be reserved, beaten to a stiff froth, with a spoonful of sugar and a few drops of lemon extract, and spread over the pie when it is baked.—Rachel James.

Grape Catchup.—Five lbs. grapes, boil and strain through a sieve, add 3 lbs. sugar and 2 teaspoonfuls of all kinds of spices, also 2-3 of a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper.—Iva M.

Lemon Cream Pudding.—Beat 4 tablespoonfuls of sugar, yolks of 4 eggs, juice and rind of 1 lemon and 2 tablespoonfuls of hot water together. Let it simmer on the back of the stove until it thickens, take from the fire and stir in the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth with 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar. To be eaten cold. As this is very rich, but a small quantity need be served to each person.—Marian Grey.

OUR WINDOW GARDENING

STORY TOLD BY ONE MOMAN.

Her Home Made Beautiful for Years With Small Expenditure of Money —Others May Do As Well, If They Will.

Given, however, a sunny window, and the next thing to consider is the arrangement for the plants. One very effective way is to place swinging brackets at intervals upon each side of the length, upon which the flower-pots may stand. At the center of the window, at the top, fasten a long hook bracket, from which may be hung a basket, and below, directly beneath the basket place a small flower stand. If the window is a long one, reaching to the floor, this stand may have a shelf below for pots containing the vines to be trained around and over the sash.

"But," says some one, "this will give an opportunity for growing so few plants."

That is true, but if these are well chosen and properly cared for, there will be enough for real artistic beauty. The great trouble is often in crowding them in windows so that they have no freedom. Plants have individuality as well as human beings, and they need ample room for development. If the window is not a long one, and the sill is deep, what is called a window-box may be fitted in. This can be made by an ordinary carpenter, or by home hands if a little ingenuity and strength are used. Take two boards, each about eight inches in length, half an inch in thickness and the length to correspond with the width of the window. These are to form the sides. Make the ends of the same thickness, twelve inches wide and eight inches high. The bottom board is twelve inches wide, an inch thick, and the same length as the sides. This projects about one inch beyond the sides all around. The inside must be lined with zinc, neatly fitted in. The outside may be trimmed in any fanciful way that occurs to the maker or owner. A piece of oilcloth with pretty figures may be tacked on to the sides with a border of mosaic tile work, both of which can be obtained at any carpet store. Then nail wood mouldings all around the top, bottom and sides; stain them with burnt umber and water, and when dry put on a coat of varnish, and the thing is done. If the sill is not wide enough to hold this box, it may be supported by brackets put on below.

The outside may be ornamented with acorns, varied fantastically with cone seeds and red berries fastened on by the glue with which the box is first coated. White and gray lichens are sometimes used effectively, or sections of the bark of different trees put on in sort of mosaic work, the whole to be varnished when thoroughly dry. For this purpose common furniture polish is as good as anything.

In cities costly tile boxes have become very fashionable, but in the country where these are not to be procured without considerable trouble and expense, the home-made article answers every purpose. In fact I have seen them where good taste had made them quite as beautiful and far more artistic in their harmony with the use for which they were made.

Sometimes these boxes, instead of being square at the ends, are rounded, being much the widest in the center. This is a mere matter of fancy. The bottom of the box must have a hole for the drainage into a vessel beneath of surplus water.

Having built and ornamented this plant receptacle the next thing to do is to prepare it for their reception. First place an inch layer of powdered charcoal all over the bottom. This will answer the two-fold purpose of preventing mould and fertilizing the soil. Then fill it to the brim with a compost of sand leaf mould, loam and barn-yard manure, of which more anon.

The arrangement of a garden bay window can be much more elaborate than a single one, although the same general plan may be followed. One addition can be made. A plant stand of a size to correspond with the recess, and of a style to harmonize with the rest of the ornamentation, then filled with growing plants, renders the window equal to a conservatory in beauty, if it be placed at a pretty distance from the window boxes, and yet near enough to form a part of the tout ensemble. These stands are constructed in such a variety of shapes, that any fancy can be suited. Home workmanship may be employed upon them as upon the window boxes, if a little strength and ingenuity are employed. If the plants are to be set into the basket in pots the zinc lining is not necessary, otherwise it must be arranged like the boxes.

One of the most attractive looking stands that I ever saw was very simple in construction. The basket was of wire, set upon wooden legs for support, and the form at the back made to correspond with the shape of the window. Another was of rustic work, and circular. Both were inexpensive and could be easily obtained. A more costly affair was in the form of a vase, and of terra cotta. Its effect when filled with drooping vines and bright-leaved plants or clustering blossoms, was charming.

Of course, what I have said in regard to the arrangement of the plants in the windows are merely suggestions. There are an infinite variety of ways to place them so that they may please the aesthetic eye. Three things only are an absolute necessity. They must not be crowded; they must not shade each other from the light, unless selected with that end in view, and they must be so arranged as to be easily turned.

The Kind of Pots.

A young friend came in one day with the most lugubrious countenance. Her usually bright, pretty face was under so dark a cloud that I feared a dire calamity.

"What is the matter?" I asked breathlessly.

"Matter enough," she responded disconsolately. "Come over and see my plants."

Hastily I donned my hat and walked by her side to her home, a few squares away. When I left the city a few weeks before she had just completed her plans for a window garden, and was full of enthusiasm. She lived, breathed and moved in an atmosphere of flowers —that she was going to have when they grew.

We entered the house, and she ushered me into a room whose large bay window had been fitted up for her experiment. There were baskets holding up beautiful flower pots, flower stands of exquisite shape and beauty, graceful statuettes peeping out from little nooks here and there, and over the whole a flood of the morning's golden sunshine was pouring. But the plants! They reminded me of the "ghost of a garden" that Swinburne describes, though things were not quite as bad as in the

"Blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green on the grave of the roses
Now lie dead."

but all glory had departed from the inhabitants of every pot. The vines looked lank, and tremulous, not with superabundant life, but through lack of vitality. Leaves were falling, while others drooped as if full of sad memories. Bare stalks told a story of life almost departed. Only in the flower stand was there any evidence of health and promise of future growth.

"Look there," said my friend, in a half-vexed, half-questioning tone. "You say that it sometimes seems as if plants had spirits, could feel and know what was passing around them. If that is so, I must have chanced upon a little set of demons. I bought the prettiest baskets and pots that I could find anywhere. I have watered and tended the creatures faithfully, and they have deliberately rewarded me by dying as fast as they can. Now what is the matter?"

Sybil.

TO BE CONTINUED.

—Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely cures all diseases caused by impure blood and it builds up the whole system.

Already There.

"Are you the engineer of this train?" asked the Salvation army man.

"Yes."

"Don't you want to go to heaven?"

"My friend," answered the engineer, "what can heaven offer to a man when he has his hand on the throttle, the road clear and 50 miles of straight track ahead of him?"—Chicago Tribune.

Do you want a chance to make $500? If so, read our coupon offer on the fifth page of this issue.

Dorothy's Mustn'ts.

I'm sick of "mustn'ts," said Dorothy D.;
Sick of "mustn't" as I can be.

From early morn till the close of day
I hear a "mustn't" and never a "may,"
It's "You mustn't lie there like a sleepy head,"
And "You mustn't sit up when it's time for bed."

"You mustn't cry when I comb your curls;"
"You mustn't play with those noisy girls;"
"You mustn't be silent when spoken to;"
"You mustn't chatter as parrots do;"
"You mustn't be pert and you mustn't be proud;"
"You mustn't giggle or laugh aloud;"
"You mustn't rumple your nice, clean dress;"
"You mustn't nod in place of a yes."

So all day long the "mustn'ts" go.
Till I dream at night of an endless row
Of goblin "mustn'ts," with great big eyes,
That stare at me in shocked surprise.

Oh! I hope I shall live to see the day
When some one will say to me "Dear, you may;"
For I'm sick of "mustn'ts," said Dorothy D.;
Sick of "mustn'ts" as I can be.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox in Wide Awake.

PROBATION.

BY LILY A. LONG.

In a certain country there once lived a youth whose name was Ernest. The mountains closed about the little village which was his home, and beauty and mystery that dwell on the mountains had folded him in from his childhood. When the sun rose he knew it first by the pale gleam that grew into light on the highest peaks, and when it set at the day's end it wrapped those peaks again in purple and violet mists through which the level rays pierced like spears of gold. Far below lay the valley, where the herdsmen took their droves in watered June, and beyond that again lay the great world of cities and ships and palaces. Sometimes travelers, crossing the mountain, would bring some word of how life went in that other world. Now it was a war, and now it was a famine, and now it was a great rejoicing or a wonderful triumph. Ernest listened and wondered, till wild longings came into his heart to be himself a sharer in that fuller life, and then the rock-bound steeps of his home seemed like prison walls to him. But ehiefly he loved to hear the tales that came with others of how some man had arisen to right the wrongs of the people or to sacrifice himself for the salvation of his country.

"Who was the man? His name?"

The answer was always the same.

"He was one of the Brothers of the Silence. We did not know his name."

"But who are the Brothers of the Silence? Tell me more of them?

And the answer was always:

"What they are no one knows unless he is one of them. They keep their secret bond. It is said that men about the king, in the very heart of the court, belong to the Brotherhood, but no one knows who they may be. And it is certain that humble artisans are of the Brotherhood also, and scholars and travelers and artists and men who toil with their hands. They work together for a common end, but they work in secret and each in his own way. Only this marks them all, that they work not for themselves. They have vast wealth, but it is used for the furtherance of their common aim; and great learning, but no display is made of it; and power greater than a monarch's, yet it is never shown save when there is need."

"But why are they unknown, and why do they work in secret?"

"Because they work against the king," was the guarded answer. "The king does not rule righteously. Evil is done and suffered, and wrong is uppermost. Those who serve the king seek to break their power. Therefore they have banded themselves together in secret and do their work so no man knows it. But a time will come, and then the king will learn his weakness and the people will learn their friends. They can wait as well as work."

And Ernest would wander off into the solitary places of the mountains and look out over the land that stretched away before him, with his heart so full of passionate ardor to share the work of those unknown men that he could not put it into words,—hardly into thoughts.

But the travelers with their tales came more and more seldom, for the mountain pass was dangerous and the men mostly chose to take the long way that led past the foot-hills. In the gorge above the village ran a swift stream that had never been bridged, and more than one adventurer, essaying the passage in the rude skiffs of the mountaineers, had been caught in the fierce current and carried down helplessly over the precipice below. Often the villagers talked together of throwing a bridge across the torrent, but they were men of many little cares, and each season was too full of its own work to leave room for a larger task. But one spring, when the melting fields of snow upon the mountains had made the gorge impassable for weeks, they agreed that the work should no longer be delayed. Each man must bring his share of timber, and Ernest, who was skillful and strong, would construct the bridge. Soon tall trees were hewn to solid beams and lay ready piled on either bank. Pins for fastening, and planks and framework, were made ready. One day, as Ernest worked, a stranger stood beside him. It was long since he had seen a man from the outer world, and he questioned him eagerly.

"What of the king? Does evil still have power in his kingdom?"

"It still has power, alas."

"But the Brotherhood? The men who live for the good of their fellows! Do they still work?"

"Yes, and ever will while there is need."

"I dreamed once of joining them," Ernest said wistfully.

The stranger gave him a kindly glance.

"Well, why not?"

"Could I?"

"Why not?"

"But no one knows where to find them."

The stranger smiled oddly.

"They are never far. One of them was even to-day at the foot of this mountain of yours."

He waved his hand in farewell, but long after he had passed out of sight the youth sat pondering over his words. One of the Brothers had been at the foot of the mountain that day! Then he could not yet be far away. Ernest flung his axe to the ground and took the path towards the valley from which the stranger had come.

He wandered far and long. Wherever he went there were rumors of the men he sought, but nothing more. One who might have been of the brotherhood was here a fortnight since. It was said another was even now in the next village. Nay they had all gone to the war on the borders. Or, their secret places of meeting had been discovered by the king, and they had all been scattered or buried in dungeons. Well, it was not so certain that they had ever existed. There had been much talk, but who could make proof? So the rumors flew, and Ernest's zeal blew hot and cold as he listened. It would have been well worth living, truly, if one might have lived and worked as one of such a brotherhood, but if the Brotherhood were chimerical—why, it was worth living still in a world which held such wonders as the palaces and pageants and festivals he saw. The months came and went, and ever as he traveled some new wonder put the last out of mind. The first object of his search had almost been forgotten, when one day a stranger accosted him in the streets of a city.

"You have traveled far,"

"I do not recollect you," Ernest said.

"A year ago you were building a bridge over a dangerous gorge in the mountains. You asked about the Silent Brothers then."

"True. And I left the mountains to seek them."

"Have you found them?"

"No. Tales fly about, but many are idle and some are false and all are fugitive. It is impossible to find the Brothers."

"It is not impossible," said the stranger, with a searching glance, "but vague desires bear no fruit unless they grow into will and blossom into action." He lingered a moment, as though he would have added more, then turned and was lost in the crowd.

But his words had vividly recalled to Ernest the hopes and purposes with which he had left his home, and in a rush of passionate self-reproach he blamed himself for losing sight of that aim in the allurements of novelty. Faithless and vacillating, how could he hope to be trusted with the work of those who first of all were faithful and steadfast?

Some one touched him on the shoulder.

"Well, will you join us?"

"Who are you?" Ernest asked, drawing back in astonishment.

"Do you not know? We know you. We are the men who work to overthrow the power of the king. Will you join us?"

"Are you then the Brothers of Silence?" Ernest demanded eagerly.

"Who knows anything of them? Have you found them?"

"No."

"Yet you have been seeking a whole year! You are a fool if you trust such shadows. There must be a revolution. It will be a thousand years before the Brothers bring it about with their cautious measures. We know a shorter way. We shall bring it to pass ourselves, and then we shall govern instead. Come, are you with us?"

"Yes," cried Ernest. "Why should I wait?"

He plunged at once into a labyrinth of plots and conspiracies, which grew day by day more inextricable. There were secret meetings and goings to and fro, and mysterious ambassadors on mysterious errands, all of which at first seemed the signs of the most ardent activity in the cause he had at heart. But gradually, as he became more familiar with the details, an uncomfortable doubt came into his mind and lodged there. It was a revolution they contemplated—true; and the government was evil. But was the object of the conspirators to establish a better rule? Little by little he came to see with fatal clearness that they only sought to overthrow the established order to place themselves in power. Not for the sake of their country, not for the sake of better laws or for the good of the oppressed people were they banded together, but only that they might drain their country of wealth for themselves and make laws that would protect them in their rapine and oppress the people still more bitterly. It grew upon him like a horror, and as he came to feel himself bound with them, entangled in their plots and smirched with their baseness, he loathed himself and hated all who had part in leading him into these underground ways. A year had gone by, when one day the stranger whom he had met twice before sought him out. —The Path.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—WHAT ARE WE?

We belong to the feathered tribe. Our bills are long, compressed and sharp. Our toes and legs are long and slender, and our wings are very long and slender. Our plumage is beautiful, but seldom exhibits very gay colors; white, brown black and slate color, finely blended, being generally predominant. Our bodies are small in proportion to the length of our necks and limbs. We keep our necks curved except in flight, when we carry our head, body and legs in a straight line. We feed mostly on fish, frogs and other aquatic animals, and may be seen, particularly very early in the morning and late in the evening, standing perfectly motionless in shallow water, waiting for prey. In default of other food, we sometimes eat small birds, reptiles and small mammal

News of the Week.

THE BLADE is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and, lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking individual.

GENERAL NEWS.

CLEVELAND'S LETTER.

He Flunks on the Free Trade Plank, Declares Against Free Silver, and Talks About Every Political Topic.

New York, Sept. 27.—Grover Cleveland last night gave his letter of acceptance to the public. It is as follows:

To Hon. William L. Wilson, and others, Committee, etc.:

Gentlemen—In responding to your formal notification of my nomination to the Presidency by the National Democracy, I hope I may be permitted to say at the outset that continued reflection and observation have confirmed me in my adherence to the opinions which I have heretofore plainly and publicly declared, touching the question involved in the canvass.

This is a time, above all others, when these questions should be considered in the light afforded by a sober apprehension of the principles upon which our government is based, and a clear understanding of the relation it bears to the people for whose benefit it was created. We shall thus be supplied with a test by which the value of any proposition relating to the maintenance and administration of our government can be ascertained, and by which the justice and honesty of every political question can be judged. If doctrines or theories are presented which do not satisfy this test, loyal Americanism must pronounce them false and mischievous.

The protection of the people in the exclusive use and enjoyment of their property and earnings, concededly constitutes the especial purpose and mission of our free government. This design is so interwoven with the structure of our plan of rule, that failure to protect the citizen in such use and enjoyment, or their unjustifiable diminution by the government itself, is a betrayal of the people's trust.

Question of Taxation.

We have, however, undertaken to build a great nation upon a plan especially our own. To maintain it and to furnish through its agency the means for the accomplishment of national objects, the American people are willing, through federal taxation, to surrender a part of their earnings and income.

Tariff legislation presents a familiar form of federal taxation. Such legislation results as surely in a tax upon the daily life of our people, as the tribute paid directly into the hand of the tax gatherer. We feel the burden of these tariff taxes too palpably to be persuaded by any sophistry that they do not exist, or are paid by foreigners. Such taxes, representing a diminution of the property rights of the people, are only justifiable when laid and collected for the purpose of maintaining our government, and furnishing the means for the accomplishment of its legitimate purposes and functions. This is taxation under the operation of a tariff for revenue. It accords with the professions of American free institutions, and its justice and honesty answer the test supplied by a correct appreciation of the principles upon which these institutions rest.

This theory of tariff legislation manifestly enjoins strict economy in public expenditures and their limitation to legitimate public uses. Inasmuch as it exhibits as the absolute extortion any exacting by way of taxation from the substance of the people, beyond the necessities of a careful and proper administration of government.

Contrary to the Constitution.

Opposed to this theory the dogma is now boldly presented, that tariff taxation is justifiable for the express purpose and intent of thereby promoting especial interest and enterprises. Such a proposition is so clearly contrary to the spirit of our constitution and so directly encourages the disturbance by selfishness and greed of patriotic sentiment, that its statement would rudely shock our people, if they had not already been insidiously allured from the safe landmarks of principle. Never have honest desire for national growth, patriotic devotion to country, and sincere regard for those who toil, been so betrayed to the support of a pernicious doctrine. In its behalf, the plea that our infant industries should be fostered, did service until discredited by our stalwart growth; then followed the exigencies of a terrible war which made our people heedless of the opportunities for ulterior schemes, afforded by their willing and patriotic payment of unprecedented tribute; and now, after a long period of peace, when our overburdened countrymen ask for relief and a restoration to a fuller enjoyment of their incomes and earnings, they are met by the claim that tariff taxation for the sake of protection is an American system, the continuance of which is necessary in order that high wages may be paid to our workingmen and a home market be provided for our farm products.

These pretenses should no longer deceive. The truth is that such a system is directly antagonized by every sentiment of justice and fairness of which Americans are pre-eminently proud. It also true that while our workingmen and farmers are, the least of all our people, defend themselves against the harder home life which such tariff taxation decrees, the workingman suffering from the importation and employment of pauper labor, instigated by his professed friends, and seeking security for his interests in organized co-operation, still waits for a division of the advantages secured to his employer under cover of a generous solicitude for his wages, while the farmer is learning that the price of his products are fixed in foreign markets, where he suffers from a competition invited and built up by the system he is asked to support.

The struggle for unearned advantage at the doors of the government tramples on the rights of those who patiently rely upon assurances of American equality. Every governmental concession to clamorous favorites invites corruption in political affairs by encouraging the expenditure of money to debauch suffrage in support of a policy directly favorable to private and selfish gain. This, in the end, must strangle patriotism and weaken popular confidence in the recitude of Republican institutions.

A Question of Markets.

Though the subject of tariff legislation involves a question of markets, it also involves a question of morals. We cannot with impunity permit injustice to infect the spirit of right and equity which is the life of our republic, and weshall fail to reach our national destiny if greed and selfishness lead the way. Recognizing these truths, the National Democracy will seek by the application of just and sound principles, to equalize to our people the blessings due them from the government they support, to promote among our countrymen a closer community of interests intended by patriotism and national pride, and to point out a fair field, where prosperous and diversified American enterprise may grow and thrive in the wholesome atmosphere of American industry, ingenuity and intelligence.

Tariff reform is still our purpose. Though we oppose the theory that tariff laws may be passed having for their object the granting of discriminating and unfair governmental aid to private ventures, we wage no exterminating war against any American interests. We believe a readjustment can be accomplished in accordance with the principles we profess, without disaster or demolition. We believe that the advantages of freer raw material should be accorded to our manufacturers, and we contemplate a fair and careful distribution of necessary tariff burdens, rather than the precipitation of free trade.

We anticipate with calmness the misrepresentation of our motives and purposes, instigated by a selfishness which seeks to hold in unrelenting grasp its unfair advantage under present tariff laws. We will rely upon the intelligence of our fellow-countrymen to reject the charge that a party comprising a majority of our people is planning the destruction or injury of American interests; and we know they can not be frightened by the specters of impossible free trade.

The Force Bill Bogie.

The administration and management of our government depend upon popular will. Federal power is the instrument of that will—not its master. Therefore, the attempt of the opponents of Democracy to interfere with and control the suffrage of the states through federal agencies, develops a design which no explanation can mitigate, to reverse the fundamental and safe relations between the people and their government. Such an attempt cannot fail to be regarded by thoughtful men as proof of a bold determination to secure the ascendancy of a discredited party in reckless disregard of a free expression of the popular will. To resist such a scheme is an impulse of Democracy. At all times, and in all places we trust the people. As against a position which forces the way to federal power, we present to them as our claim to their confidence and support, a steady championship of their rights.

The Money Question.

The people are entitled to sound and honest money, abundantly sufficient in volume to supply their business needs. But whatever may be the form of the people's currency, national or state—whether gold, silver or paper—it should be so regulated and guarded by government enactment or by wise and careful laws, that no one can be deluded as to the certainty and stability of its value. Every dollar put into the hands of the people should be of the same intrinsic value as purchasing power. With this condition absolutely guaranteed, both gold and silver can be safely utilized upon equal terms in the adjustment of our currency.

In dealing with this subject no selfish scheme should be allowed to intervene, and no doubtful experiment should be attempted. The wants of our people, arising from the deficiency of imperfect distribution of money circulation, ought to be fully and honestly recognized and efficiently remedied. It should, however, be constantly remembered that the inconvenience or loss that might arise from such a situation can be much easier borne than a universal distress which must follow a discredited currency.

Civil Service Reform.

Public officials are the agents of the people, and it therefore their duty to secure for those whom they represent the best and most efficient performance of public work. This plainly can best be accomplished by regarding ascertained fitness in the selection of government employes. These considerations alone are sufficient justification for an honest adherence to the letter and spirit of civil service reform. There are, however, other features of this plan which abundantly commend it. Through its operation worthy merit in every station and condition of American life is recognized in the distribution of public employment, while its application avoids rank the standard of political activity from spoils hunting and unthinking party affiliation to the advocacy of party principles by reason and argument.

As to Pensions.

The American people are generous and grateful; and they have impressed these characteristics upon their government. Therefore, all patriotic and just citizens must commend liberal consideration for our worthy veteran soldiers and for the families of those who have died. No complaint should be made of the amount of public money paid to those actually disabled or made dependent by reason of army service. Our pension roll should be a roll of honor, uncontaminated by illdesert and unvitiated by demagogic use. This is due to those whose worthy names adorn the roll and all people who delight to honor the brave. It is also due to those ... years to come should be allowed, reverently and lovingly, to bear the story of American patriotism and fortitude, illustrated by our pension roll. The preferences accorded to veteran soldiers in public employment should be secured to them honestly and without evasion, and when possible only through their claim to the helpful regard and gratitude of their countrymen should be ungrudgingly acknowledged.

Vexatious Sumptuary Laws.

The assurance to the people of the utmost individual liberty consistent with peace and good order is a cardinal principle of our government. This gives no sanction to vexatious sumptuary laws which unnecessarily interfere with such habits and customs of our people as are not offensive to a just moral sense and are not inconsistent with good citizenship and the public welfare. The same principle requires that the line between the subjects which are properly within governmental control and those which are more fittingly left to parental regulation should be carefully kept in view. An enforced education, wisely deemed a proper preparation for citizenship, should not involve the impairment of wholesome parental authority, nor do violence to the household conscience. Paternalism in government finds no approval in the creed of Democracy. It is a symptom of misrule, whether it is manifested in an unauthorized government or by an unwarranted control of personal and family affairs.

Foreign Immigration.

Our people, still cherishing the feeling of human fellowship which belonged to our beginning as a nation, require their government to express for them their sympathy with all those who are oppressed under any rule less free than ours. A generous hospitality, which is one of the most prominent of our national characteristics, prompts us to welcome the worthy and industrious of all lands to homes and citizenship among us. This hospitable sentiment is, however, enjoyable only by careful and reliable regulations for the protection of the public health, nor does it justify the reception of immigrants who have no appreciation of our institutions, and whose presence among us is a menace to peace and good order.

The Nicaragua Canal.

The importance of the construction of the Nicaragua ship canal as a means of promoting commerce between our states and with foreign countries, and also as a contribution by Americans to the enterprises which advance the interests of the world of civilization, should commend the project to governmental approval and endorsement.

Our countrymen not only expect from those who represent them in public places a sedulous care for the things which are directly and palpably related to their material interests, but they also fully appreciate the value of cultivating our national pride and maintaining our national honor.

The Columbian Exposition.

Both their material interests and their national pride and honor are involved in the success of the Columbian exposition; and they will not be inclined to condone any neglect of effort on the part of their government to ensure in the grandeur of this event a fitting exhibit of American growth and greatness, and a splendid demonstration of American patriotism.

In an imperfect and incomplete manner, I have thus endeavored to state some of the things which accord with the creed and intentions of the party to which I have given my life-long allegiance. My attempt has not been to instruct my countrymen, nor my party, but to remind both that Democratic doctrine lies near the principles of our government and tends to promote the people's good. I am willing to be accused of addressing my countrymen upon trite topics and in homely fashion, for I believe that important truths are found on the surface of thought, and that they should be stated in direct and simple terms. Though much is left unwritten, my record as a public servant leaves no excuse of misunderstanding my belief and position on the questions which are now presented to the voters of the land for their decision.

Called for the Third Time.

Called for the third time to represent the party of my choice in a contest for the supremacy of Democratic principles, my grateful appreciation of its confidence less than overwhelms the solemn sense of my responsibility.

If the action of the convention you represent shall be endorsed by the suffrages of my countrymen, I will assume the duties of the great office for which I have been nominated knowing full well its labors and perplexities, and with humble reliance upon the Divine Being, infinite power to aid, and constant in a watchful care over a favored Nation.

Yours, very truly,
GROVER CLEVELAND.

Gray Gables, Sept. 26, 1892.

THEY SAY IT SUITS 'EM TO A T.

Cleveland's Letter Just What the Managers Wanted.

New York, Sept. 27.—The Democratic national managers expressed the greatest satisfaction over Mr. Cleveland's letter of acceptance. Ex-Secretary of the Navy Wm. T. Whitney, Secretary Sheerhn, of the Democratic national committee, and Bradley B. Smalley each telegraphed their congratulations to the ex-President. Mr. Whitney said that the letter was a broad-minded, patriotic address.

Mr. Smalley said he considered it the ablest paper Mr. Cleveland had ever written. In his dispatch of congratulation he said: "I have read your letter of acceptance with admiration and pleasure. It meets every issue in a satisfactory way."

Secretary Sheerin said he thought the letter was explicit in every particular. "A fair, honest expression is what the people are entitled to from every man who asks their suffrages and from no man have they been accustomed to get an expression in plainer and bolder terms than from Mr. Cleveland."

Arthur P. Gorman said it was admirable.

CLEVELAND'S FOR PROTECTION.

Remarkable Comments by the English Press.

London, Sept. 27.—The St. James Gazette, commenting upon Mr. Cleveland's letter accepting the Democratic nomination for the Presidency of the United States, says:

"Mr. Cleveland's words have one meaning. The Democrats have no intention whatever of adopting free trade. The Democrats are more tepid for tariff reform to-day than they were in 1888. We can therefore only conclude in the opinion of the sagacious party leaders who make it their special business to watch public opinion, the McKinley tariff has not made protection less popular. We have no doubt that, even if Mr. Cleveland wins, there will be no great change in the fiscal policy of the United States."

The Globe says: "Mr. Cleveland has decided that America has not yet had enough, at any rate, not too much of McKinleyism, and he does not intend to abandon it."

INDIAN OUTBREAK PROBABLE.

Indians From the Bad Lands Working Along the Cheyenne.

Pierre, S. D., Sept. 26.—Indian runners from Bad Lands have been working among the Indians along the Cheyenne in the attempt to secure their aid in another outbreak such as that of two years ago. Their present desire to go on the warpath is caused by the encouragement given them by the government after the Pine Ridge trouble.

THE G. A. R.

Proceedings of the Business Session—A. G. Weissert, of Milwaukee, Chosen Commander-in-Chief.

Washington, Sept. 21.—The beautiful parade Monday, the more impressive march of the Grand Army veterans yesterday, the numerous reunions and the fireworks and illumination were after all only preliminary to the real business which called the Grand Army men to Washington, and that was the 26th annual encampment of the G. A. R., which was called together this morning. The encampment is a representative body composed of 1,147 delegates, one chosen from each of the various departments, others allotted on the basis of membership of the departments, and others still, members of the encampment by virtue of present or past office in the national organization.

At 10:25, with about half the delegates in their seats, Commander-in-Chief Palmer rapped to order, as he stood behind a large bass drum for a rostrum. A glee club of veterans sang a song inviting the encampment to Indianapolis next year, saying, "the girls will turn out, and the boys will be about, to welcome their friends in 1893." This was uproariously applauded.

Shortly after 11 o'clock, Gen. Palmer called the encampment to order, and it was opened in due form.

LIST OF THE NEW OFFICERS.

Complete Roster of Those Chosen Thursday.

Washington, Sept. 23.—The following is the roster of new officers of the Grand Army:

Commander—A. G. Weissert, Wisconsin.

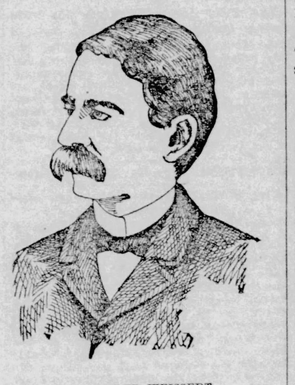
Senior Vice—R. H. Warfield, California.

Junior Vice—Peter B. Ayars, Delaware.

Surgeon General—Dr. W. C. Weyl, Connecticut.

Chaplain—D. R. Lowell, Kansas.

Washington, Sept. 22.—A. G. Weissert, of Milwaukee, has been chosen by acclamation commander-in-chief of the G. A. R., to succeed Gen. Palmer. Comrade Lincoln, of this city, his most



COMMANDER WEISSERT.

prominent competitor, withdrew. The encampment has also by an overwhelming vote, defeated the proposition to deny life membership in the encampment to past grand officers and ex-post commanders.

Indianapolis has been selected as the place of meeting of the encampment next year.

The Reception.

Washington, Sept. 23.—The leading social event of the week in honor of the Grand Army was the reception to the members of the national encampment given by the citizens of Washington last evening in the spacious court of the pension office building.

The interior of the building had been handsomely decorated with flags and bunting. At either end of the hall, near the top, were the portraits of Lincoln and Grant, and on the side walls were those of Harrison and Morton. All the gas jets around the three galleries of the building were lighted, and large globes of electric light shed a lustre over the scene which, viewed from the upper galleries, was a striking one. The committee having the reception in charge had wisely restricted the invitations to a limited number of citizens and to the officers and members of the encampment. The crowd, therefore, while large, was at no time uncomfortable.

ENCAMPMENT ADJOURNED.

Business Transacted During the Closing Hours.

Washington, Sept. 23.—The afternoon session began promptly at 3 o'clock, and under Gen. Palmer's skillful management business was proceeded with to a conclusion and final adjournment of the 26th annual encampment of the G. A. R. at 6:10 p. m.

The committee on seniority of departments was discharged from further consideration of the matter at its own request and the subject referred to a new committee consisting of Comrades Beath, of Pennsylvania, Dowling, of Ohio, and Freeman, of New York, for report at the next encampment. By permission of the encampment Comrade Woods, the first adjutant general of the state of Illinois, made a statement giving a history of the order in that state from its formation.

The committee appointed to have charge of the erection of a national memorial hall at Decatur, Ill., reported receipts to-day amounting to $4,882.

Resolutions Reported.

The committee on resolutions reported a large number of resolutions and propositions, which had been referred to them, recommending that a large majority of them be laid upon the table, which was done. Among the resolutions reported favorably by the committee and adopted, were the following:

Asking Congress to pass a law giving the same right of precedence in appointments of all honorably discharged soldiers that is now given by law to soldiers that were discharged for disabilities; recommending that the edition of the official records of the rebellion published by Congress, be increased from 11,000 to 50,000. A similar resolution has been passed by the Society of the Army of the Cumberland.

Recommending the order of Commander-in-Chief Palmer forbidding any G. A. R. post to march under the Confederate flag.

Favoring the establishment of a soldiers' home in the marine hospital building at New Orleans.

Requesting that the census of veterans of the war and their postoffice addresses be published immediately.

Asking Congress to provide for the erection of a monument to private soldiers of the army.

Asking the secretary of war to provide a flagstaff at Fort Sumter, upon

PROVED BY LIVING WITNESSES THAT THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES

cure more people than any other one remedy under the sun.

NO HARM

can come from their use. A genuine current of electricity, continuous, can be made mild or strong, or reversed at the pleasure of the wearer. All of the above fully confirmed and indorsed, by hundreds who have tried them, in our

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

Also description, cuts, prices and other valuable information, printed in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian languages. This catalogue or a treatise on rupture cured with Electric Truss will be mailed to any address on receipt of six cents postage.

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MAIN OFFICE AND ONLY FACTORY,
THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT BUILDING,
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New York Office, 826 Broadway.
THE LARGEST ELECTRIC BELT ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD.
MENTION THIS PAPER.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO

DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY,

which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

HIS SUPPLY STATION.

achievement? It is absolutely beyond monetary consideration."

In this connection, the report makes a statement of the national resources, showing the general stock of money coined or issued to be $2,211,931,249, of which $1,601,940,325 was in circulation and the balance in the treasury, and quotes the report of Superintendent Porter, of the Census bureau, to the effect that the absolute wealth of the United States may be estimated at $63,648,000,000.

THE UNION VETERAN'S UNION.

General S. S. Yoder Submits His Report.

Washington, Sept. 22.—The Union Veterans' Union, which has 30,000 members, preceded their encampment meeting with a fine parade up Pennsylvania avenue. Gen. S. S. Yoder, commander-in-chief of the Union, and a large staff headed by Adjutant General H. L. Street, rode at the head of the procession, and Gen. Yoder, dismounting, reviewed the parade from the grand stand, near the Treasury department.

Gen. Green Clay Smith had command of those in line. The National Rifles, of Washington, had the right of the line. The members of the Union Veterans' Union were escorted by the Sons of Veterans, led by Ellsworth Post, Sons of Veterans. There were about 1,200 members of the U. V. U. in line, comprising posts from Ohio, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut and Michigan. Their dress was neat, and they presented an excellent appearance. Several fine bands marched with the soldiers.

The members of the Union Veterans' Union met in annual encampment at Harris's Theatre, which was handsomely decorated for the occasion.

A committee of which ex-President Hayes is a member was appointed to take measures for the establishment of an industrial home for sons of veterans.

Various reports from officers of the order were received; committees on credentials and preliminary business appointed, and a permanent organization effected.

SAN DIEGO'S CELEBRATION.

Twenty Thousand People Will Take Part in the Cabrillo.

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 27.—The city is gayly decorated in honor of the great anniversary celebration to-morrow.

There are indications now that fully twenty thousand people will take part in the cabrillo festivities, and they are already crowding into the city for the occasion. The event is the anniversary day of California's discovery.

GEN. J. W. HUSTED IS DEAD.

Distinguished New Yorker Passed Away Sunday.

Peekskill, N. Y., Sept. 26.—General James W. Husted died at his residence here at 7:50 p. m. last night. At his death-bed there were gathered Dr. Mason, the attending physician; Mr. Husted's wife and sons, Thomas, William and J. W. Husted, jr., and his two daughters, Mrs. Frederick Shedd and Miss Husted.

General Husted was born at Bedford, Westchester county, N. Y., on October 31, 1833. He graduated from Yale College in 1854, one of his schoolmates being Dr. Chauncey M. Depew. He was admitted to the bar in 1857. He has held many public offices, and has had the longest legislative service of any man in the history of the state, namely, eighteen years. He also had the distinction of having been speaker of the House of the legislature more times than any other man, having been speaker six times.

For over thrty years General Husted had been in active political life. He became a member of the Republican party in 1850, and attended its national conventions as a delegate in 1876, 1880, 1884 and 1892. He had also taken an active part in the National Guard of the state, being a member of the organization, and serving as judge advocate of the Seventh brigade and major general of the Fifth division.

PATRICK S. GILMORE DEAD.

The Great Bandmaster Expired at St. Louis—His Career.

St. Louis, Sept. 26.—The death of Col. P. S. Gilmore in this city Saturday night, was totally unexpected. He had been ill of indigestion for several days, and his demise was caused by heart disease brought about by the ailment above mentioned. The great musician had not been well for a week, and for a couple of days has not attended the concerts given by his band at the exposition.

The remains were sent to New York

COLONEL P. S. GILMORE.

last night. The party accompanying them was composed of Mrs. Gilmore, Miss Minnie Gilmore, Valet Donahue and the following committee of the band: Wm. F. Schultz, Heran E. Zelm, Lawrence Orr.

A Historical Figure.

Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore was 63 years of age, and one of the best known musicians in the world. He became a historical figure some time previous to 1858, when he was leader of the Boston Brigade band, the Suffolk band, of Boston, and the celebrated Salem band. He and his admirably organized orchestra played quite a part at some remarkable political events in the history of this country.

They were present at the inauguration of Presidents Pierce, Buchanan, Lincoln and others, and at most of the great political conventions, including the famous Democratic convention at Charleston, S. C., which was followed by the outbreak of the great civil war. As the convention adjourned, angry calls were made upon the band to strike up a war hymn. "Give us the Marseillaise," shouted a stentorian voice, to which Gilmore responded by striking up, "The Star Spangled Banner,' alternating it with "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle."

At the outbreak of the war, Gilmore at once joined the Federal army, and induced every man of his band to do the same. They joined one of the crack Boston regiments—the Second Massachusetts volunteers—and went with the Burnside expedition to the Carolinas.

Later on, Gen. N. P. Banks placed Later on, Gen. N. B. Banks placed Gilmore in charge of all bands of music in the department of the Gulf, during the war, and, on March 4, 1864, at the inauguration of Michael Hahn as the governor of freed and restored Louisiana, he gave a grand national concert in connection with the imposing ceremonies, in which he induced 10,000 children from the public schools, whom he had trained in national airs, to take part. The great events of Gilmore's life were the two mammoth Boston Peace jubilees of 1869 and 1872, in which 30,000 singers and 2,500 instruments took part, besides several of the most famous bands of Europe. Mr. Gilmore, for his distinguished services, was awarded by the committee and the citizens of Boston with presents amounting to over $50,000.

In 1873 Gilmore removed to New York. There he joined the Twenty-second regiment. His concerts in Madison Square Garden, which amounted to over 600 performances, will be well remembered, as well as his pleasant summer concerts during the last years at Manhattan Beath.

GOV. RUSSELL RENOMINATED.

Massachusetts Democrats in Convention at Boston.

Boston, Sept. 27.—The Democrats of Massachusetts met here in convention to-day. Charles Theodore Russell, father

GOV. RUSSELL.

of Governor Russell, was temporary chairman. The platform was very lengthy and dealt mostly with the tariff question. Governor Russell was renominated by acclamation.

GERRYMANDER OVERTHROWN.

Wisconsin Supreme Court Upsets a Democratic Scheme.

Milwaukee, Sept. 27.—The Supreme court at Madison rendered a decision this morning in the second gerrymander case. It holds that the court has jurisdiction in the case, and overthrows the demurrer of Senator Vilas, based on the claim that suit should have been brought by the attorney general, instead of by the petitioner, Lamb.

It holds that Lamb is entitled to bring suit, and that the bill of the plaintiff contains sufficient ground for action. This is practically the overthrow of the last gerrymander. The defense is given until Friday to answer the bill of the plaintiff.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

A LADY'S EXPERIENCE
After Her Husband
HAD SPENT ALL HE WAS WORTH.

GADSDEN, ALA., Dec. 21, 1890.
DR. MARCHISI. Dear Sir: One year ago I was near my grave with nervous debility, caused by Ulcer of the Womb. My husband spent all he was worth and all he could make for doctors' bills, and I continued to weaken until my physician told me I could not live sixty days. A friend persuaded me to try Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon. I have taken three bottles and am now as stout as ever and perfectly well. MRS. AMELIA H. BOX.

Dr. Marchisi's Uterine Catholicon and Cleansing Wash cures all Female Complaints no matter how long standing. For sale by all Druggists. I send FREE two bottles and thus prove it does do what I claim for it. Dr. L. D. Marchisi, 35 Genesee St. Utica, N.Y.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AN AWFUL DOOM

Meted out to a Husband-Killer—Story of a Wife's Crime—Will The Czar Commute It?

St. Petersburg, Sept. 22.—In April last Mrs. Aina Sainio, the wife of a professor in the state college at Tavastehuus, Finland, was found guilty of poisoning her husband, and in accordance with the mediaeval law, which is still in force there, she was sentenced to be beheaded and her body affixed to a beacon and burned.

Mrs. Saimio is only about 22 years old. She married the professor in 1890, and has one child. She appeared to live happily with her husband, and for a considerable time the police were at a loss to account for the poisoning of the professor. Finally Mrs. Saimio made a confession. She said she had bought a strychnine capsule, similar to the capsules containing quinine that her husband was in the habit of taking.

For days she hesitated to administer the poison to him, but one day when her husband asked her for some quinine she gave him the strychnine. She then went to him and went to her bedroom and put pillows over her head, so she would not hear his screams while he was dying.

It was charged that Mrs. Sainio had been unfaithful to her husband, carrying on a liason with one of the students at the college. She strenuously denied this, and said that her motive in killing her husband was to get the insurance of $2,500 on his life, as she was deeply in debt.

After her conviction the case was carried to the Court of Appeals, and today a decision was handed down affirming the judgment of the trial court, and adding to the punishment to be inflicted on the unfortunate woman. It transpired during the trial that Mrs. Saimio had forged her husband's name to checks for small sums some time before his death, and for this offense the court of Appeals orders that her right hand be cut off. Then she will be decapitated and her body fastened to a stake, covered with inflammable material and set on fire.

The sentence is a most terrible one, and it is thought that efforts will be made to get the czar to commute it. All information that has been gathered about Mrs. Saimio seems to show that she is a spoiled child and never has been able to take life in earnest. She has never been moved by any great passions, but has always been taken up with thoughts as to how she could amuse herself in a child-like fashion. In order to satisfy her great desire for sweets—with which her husband supplied her liberally—she stole and deceived without the slightest hesitation.

A writer in the Hufvudstadsblad, the leading paper of Finland, is to prove that Mrs. Saimio belongs to the class of people having a natural predisposition for crime. She is said to have all the characteristics of a poisoner. Her head is unusually large and her forehead greatly developed. The jaws, on the other hand, are small. She was never handsome, but her liveliness made her attractive.

REPARATION WILL BE DEMANDED

Of Venezuela for the Capture of American Refugees.

New York, Sept. 21.—Panama mail advices to the Associated Press under date of September 13 say that the news from Venezuela continues most deplorable. The Revolutionists are in possession of all the ports of the coast except Guayra. Many outrages have been committed on merchants, consuls and others.

La Guayra, Venezuela, Sept. 13, via Colon, Sept. 26.—There is intense excitement in this city over the arrival of the Red D line steamer, Caracas, from New York, by way of Puerto Cabello, an insurgent port. Capt. Edwin White, in command of the United States cruiser, Concord, anticipating difficulty, advised the captain of the Caracas not to deliver up the steamer's papers at the custom house here.

The customs officials at first refused to grant the Caracas permission to discharge her cargo, but afterwards consented to allow her to unload freight consigned to this port. United States Minister Scruggs sent a formal demand to the Venezuelan capital for the return of six refugees taken from the Caracas some time ago, and now in the hands of Gen. Urdaneta. He also demanded a salute to the American flag, and the payment of personal damages to the refugees. But there was no regular government to reply to these demands for reparation, as the capital is in a state of anarchy.

Foreign merchants are imprisoned unless they give money to the army. Minister Scruggs has advised Americans not to pay any thing for such a purpose.

UNITED STATES WAR SHIPS

Are at Venezuelan Ports to Protect Life and Property.

New York, Sept. 27.—The Red Line steamer Caracas, from Laguayra and Puerto Cabello, Venezuela, arrived at her dock in Brooklyn this afternoon. On her trip to Laguayra, the Caracas found the United States war vessels Chicago and Kearsarge there, and was glad to see the Concord riding at anchor in the harbor of Puerto Cabello.

While the Caracas was at the latter port, a body of a dozen United States marines was sent on board of the Concord, and remained on board as long as she was in port. Puerto Cabello is in possession of the insurgents, or Crespists, and the marines were placed on board the steamer as a matter of precaution. No indignities were offered to the steamship people by the insurgents, but it was thought best to guard against any emergency.

While the Caracas was in the harbor of Laguayra no attempt was made by the Venezuelan government officials to molest the people on board or interfere in any way with the steamer. No marines were placed on board there.

GLIMPSES OF THE OLD WORLD.

Chinese force repulsed a portion of the Russian Colonel Janoff's force, which recently advanced to Fushkurgau.

King Humbert will dissolve Parliament on Tuesday, and if the elections will take place November 6.

Tientsin advices declare that China is indifferent to the situation in the Pamirs, and that the government is inactive in the matter and trusts to the Chinese minister in Europe for help on the subject.

A dispatch from Vladivostock reports the arrival there of four foreign vessels which were seized by Russian cruisers on account of alleged unlawful sealing. A fifth vessel is expected to arrive there shortly.

Russia has sent a note to the Porte, calling its attention to the fact that serious consequences may result from the relations now existing between Turkey and Bulgaria, which Russia holds are contrary to the provisions of existing treaties.

The St. Petersburg Novosti publishes an article in regard to the mission headed by General Sir Frederick Roberts, who was dispatched last month by the Indian government to meet the Ameer of Afghanistan. The paper says that the mission is calculated to lead to the absorption of Afghanistan by Great Britain.

Austria's Exhibit.

Vienna, Sept. 24.—The minister of commerce has notified the committee having in charge the arrangements for Austria's exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair, that the government intends to increase the amount of the credit in proportion to the needs of thhe committee.

Kossuth is Ill.

London, Sept. 22.—A dispatch to the News from Turin says that Louis Kossuth is suffering from the fatigues of his recent receptions, and has been ordered to stay in bed.

A Young Woman at Fifty

Or, as the world expresses it, "a well-preserved woman." One who, understanding the rules of health, has followed them, and preserved her youthful appearance. Mrs. Pinkham has many correspondents who, through her advice and care, can look with satisfaction in their mirrors. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* goes to the root of all female complaints, renews the vitality, and invigorates the system. Intelligent women know well its wonderful powers.

It is the successful product of a life's work of a woman among women, and is based upon years of actual practice and expense.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of pills, or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

THAT WAR CLOUD IN SIGHT.

Trouble Brewing Between England and Russia.

New York, Sept. 26.—An Ottawa special says: The decision of the British government to dispatch a man-of-war to Vladivostock, Siberia, to investigate the recent seizure of Canadian sealers by Russian cruisers was in response to a demand from the Dominion government, a member of the cabinet says, for the protection of its property.

It is not yet known what British cruiser is to be sent to Siberia, but it probably will be one now on the China station. Judging by what can be learned here, Russia did not respond readily to the British government's demand for the punishment of the Russian officers who made the seizures, and for the restoring of the confiscated property. The British government has taken a more forcible and decisive course to bring about a satisfactory explanation and adjustment of the insult to the British flag.

An official high up in government circles says that he fears that before the matter is settled there will be a collision between England and Russia.

MORE SEIZURES BY RUSSIANS.

Two English Sealers Captured and Crews Sent to Yokohama.

San Francisco, Sept. 26.—The sealing schooner Leon has arrived here from Petropaulofski, and reports the seizure by Russians of two more Victoria sealers. The Maria, Captain Balkin, was seized by the cruiser Zubika, and the Carmelita by the revenue cutter Vitas.

Both vessels were confiscated and taken to Petropaulofski. They had 1,800 skins, which were also taken. The crews will be sent to Yokohama.

An American Vessel Captured.

San Francisco, Sept. 24.—The sealing schooner Kate & Ann, Capt. Lutgen, has reached here with only sixty skins.

Some two months ago the schooner touched Yokohama, where she discharged 1,000 skins that were shipped to this port. The captain states that after leaving Yokohama the vessel sailed for the sealing grounds around Attoo Island, near Northwestern Alaska, and had captured upwards of 200 skins. Here the Russian man-of-war Zobinka seized the schooner, taking away not only all skins but most of her sealing gear and hunting guns. The Russian also took nearly all the provisions aboard, leaving enough only to get the crew home again before starving.

ENGLISH TRPDE IS DECLINING.

Harrassed by Tariffs and Other Great Problems.

London, Sept. 21.—At the annual meeting of the Chambers of Commerce at Newport, Sir Albert Kay Rollit, president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, said that he was not able to congratulate the country upon trade prospects. The coal, iron and steel trades were dull, while the textile industries were harassed by tariff and perplexed by economic, monetary and labor problems. Sheffield, Bradford and other centers, he said, complained of the destruction of all branches of business by the tariff. Ship-building was little more than a remembrance. Shipping at present was suffering from the effects of the cholera epidemic, as well as from the general depression in business.

The official returns, Sir Albert added, showed that there was little likelihood of betterment in the present conditions. The volume of England's trade was declining, though the values of her imports during the year had increased £3,250,000, against the corresponding eight months of 1891. This was caused by the great accession of food stuffs and a slight increase in manufactured goods, while the exports for the same period had decreased 9 per cent in volume.

A resolution was adopted in favor of universal free trade between the colonies and Great Britain.

The South Scotland Chamber of Commerce moved that the government should alter the condition of foreign treaties which prevent the colonies giving the goods of Great Britain special privilege when they so desire.

SEALERS TO BE COMPENSATED.

Such is British Construction of the Modus Vivendi.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 27.—A dispatch received here from Lord Ripon, colonial secretary, London, England, respecting the Bering sea matter, says: "With

WASHINGTON,

BACK AT HOME.

Mrs. Harrison is Again in Her Room in the White House—She Stood the Trip Exceedingly Well.

Washington, Sept. 21.—At a quarter of 9 o'clock this morning the special train on the Pennsylvania railroad, bearing the President and afflicted wife, his son, daughter, grandchildren and other relatives and friends, who have been at Loon Lake with Mrs. Harrison during her illness, drew into the station here, and the long and sad journey, which had been undertaken with some degree of trepidation, was ended.

It had been completed, however, without any suffering or any other ill-effect

MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON.

to the patient. Thirty minutes later she was resting easily in her bed at the White House, her mind much relieved by reaching "home," for which she has been longing throughout the past several weeks.

Her physician, Dr. Gardner, reports that she stood the journey very well, and that her spirits were very much buoyed up by reaching Washington, which he thinks will be greatly in her favor.

Mrs. Harrison's Condition.

Washington, Sept. 27.—Mrs. Harrison had a fairly good night, and is reported to be resting quietly this morning.

REPORT OF UTAH COMMISSION.

Polygamy Still Practiced in the Territory.

Washington, Sept. 23.—Secretary Noble has received the annual report of the proceedings of the Utah commission for the year ended September 1, last, during which time three sessions were held, one at Chicago and two at Salt Lake City. Speaking of political matters the commission says the change is apparent in the political situation in Utah, which, if properly fostered and honestly managed, will be productive of good results. Considerable space in the report is devoted to a discussion of the subject of polygamy.

The commission insists that polygamy still exists, and that there are many cases constantly coming to the public knowledge of association between polygamists and the plural wives they have professed to have put away is a fact that can hardly be controverted.

President Woodruff Denies.

Salt Lake, Utah, Sept. 24.—The statement of the Utah commission as telegraphed from Washington yesterday, that in their belief fifteen male persons contracted polygamous marriages in Utah during the last year, was brought to the attention of President Wilfred Woodruff, of the Mormon church. He emphatically repudiates the truth of any such belief and solemnly declares that no polygamous marriages have been contracted since the issuance of his manifesto two years ago.

A DANGEROUS COMPLICATION

Upon Which Congress is the Number of Electors Based?

Washington, Sept. 26.—Wm. Walker, in a letter to the Washington Post, raises a question in connection with the approaching election which may be of importance as it certainly is of interest. Referring to the generally accepted theory that the electoral college of 1892 will contain 444 votes, Mr. Walker says:

"Paragraph 2, section 1, article 1, of the constitution, is as follows: 'Each state shall appoint in such manner as the legislature thereof shall determine, a number of electors equal to the whole number of senators and representatives to which the state may be entitled in the Congress.'

"Which Congress does this refer to? Is it the one in existence or the future? The Fifty-third Congress, upon which is based the 444 votes electoral votes, can not exist until after the next President shall have been elected. If the membership of the Fifty-second Congress shall decide the election, in case there should not be an election by the electoral college and not the Fifty-third Congress, why is it that an electoral college based on the new apportionment under which the Fifty-third Congress is to be elected is to decide the election?

"Each political party seems to be acting upon the same premise taken by you, but would it not be wise to consider this question in time to avoid what might eventuate into a dangerous complication?"

DATE IS NOT AGREED UPON

Nor Has the Place of Meeting of the Monetary Conference.

Washington, Sept. 26.—There have been no arrangements concluded yet for holding the international monetary conference. Correspondence on the subject of a place for the meeting was interrupted by the presence of the cholera scare, and it is now as uncertain as ever where the conference will be held. A date for its assembling, which cannot well be announced until after the place of meeting has been agreed upon, is, of course, equally a matter of doubt.

Treasury officials say it is doubtless the basis of the report printed in some of the Western papers that Senator Allison, of Iowa, one of the commissioners from the United States, could not attend the conference but would remain in Iowa during the campaign. There is no probability now that the conference will be held until after the election, so that the Senator may, without regard to that event, continue his campaign service without interruption. But the delay may result in losing to the country and the conference the services of Senator Allison. He is chairman of the committee on appropriations, and his absence would seriously cripple the committee in its work.

PRESERVING NATIONAL PARKS.

Report of the Superintendent of the California Parks.

Washington, Sept. 22.—Secretary Noble has received the annual report of Capt. J. H. Dorst, the acting superintendent of the Sequoia and General Grant National parks in California. The report is a detailed account of the captain's observation during the year of his efforts to keep herders out of the confines of the park.

All the land in the Sequoia park, the captain thinks, should be purchased by the government. The detachment placed in Camp Grant July 16 has been acting under instructions which seems to have been effective in preserving good order and protecting the big trees from disfigurement or spoliation. Once only has it been found necessary to interfere with visitors to the park.

CONFERRING WITH HIS CABINET,

The President Devoting More Time to Business.

Washington, Sept. 26.—While the improvement in Mrs. Harrison's condition since her return to Washington has been very slight, it has been sufficient to justify the President in devoting more time than was possible heretofore to the consideration of public business. He held a long conference with Secretary of State Foster this morning, presumably in regard to the Bering sea controversy, and subsequently conferred with Attorney-General Miller on judiciary matters.

A national Woman Suffrage convention was conducted secretly at Willard's hotel yesterday, at Washington. Mrs. Woodhull was nominated for President, and Mrs. Mary Stowe, of California, for Vice-President.

PENSION LAWS.

The Republican Party Author and Finisher of All the Important Pension Legislation—Facts for Soldiers.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 24.—(Special.)—Some questions have been raised as to the records of the two great parties on the pension acts now upon the statute books. The result of a careful examination of the work of Congress in their passage may not be uninteresting. The records of Congress disclose the fact that every pension act from 1862 to 1875 was passed by Republican Congresses and signed by Republican Presidents. From the time the Democrats regained control of one branch of Congress in 1874, but a mere handful of unimportant pension bills were made laws, while their single Democratic President vetoed literally hundreds of pension measures sent him through the persistency of Republicans in Congress, couching his vetoes in language that could only have been intended as a deliberate insult to the soldiers and the legislators who enacted the measures. When the Republicans again obtained control of Congress—the Forty-seventh and Fifty-first—they enacted further pension laws giving relief to many thousands of suffering soldiers, or their widows, children, or dependent parents.

Now let us see what some of these acts were and compare them with the few pension laws enacted by Democratic Congresses:

Republican Legislation.

First general act of 1862 provided the most ample and generous system of pensions that had up to that time been enacted into law. Provided for disabled soldiers, widows, children, mothers and sisters.

Act of July 4, 1864, extended limitations of arrears to three years, fixed pension for loss of both feet at $20, and both hands or eyes, $25 per month.

Act of June 6, 1865, increased pensions for loss of both hands or feet, or one hand or foot, also granted pensions to dependent fathers and mothers.

Act of July 25, 1868, granted additional pensions to widows with children under 16 years of age, and gave pensions to orphan children.

Act of March 4, 1890, increased pensions of totally helpless to $75 per month.

Act of June 27, 1890, pensions all having existing disability without proof that it was contracted in the service; also pensions the widows of all such and all soldiers' widows dependent on their labor.

Democratic Legislation.

Act of March 3, 1877, grants pensions to certain disabled soldiers, although they have engaged in rebellion against the United States.

Act of March 9, 1878, restores to the pension rolls the names of participants in the war of 1812 and Indian wars, who had participated in the rebellion.

Act of June 27, 1878, limits field pension agents to $10.

Act of June 7, 1878, adds $22 per month to the pensions of about 200 persons.

Arrears of pension act; introduced by a Republican, passed by Republican votes, and signed by a Republican President.

Act of March 3, 1879, repeals the arrears of pension act.

Mexican war pension bill; benefited mostly Southern men.

Dependent pension bill; vetoed by President Cleveland.

Republicans were the Authors.

It will be seen from the above statement that the Republican party has been the author and finisher of nearly every important legislation in behalf of the old soldiers. It is under their control of both branches of Congress that nearly every pension bill of importance—except those intended to benefit ex-Confederates—have been passed.

Now let us see how the Democrats who were in Congress when these bills were passed voted upon them, also how the Republicans voted.

The opposition to pensions first developed in a strongly marked way in the vote on the arrears bill of 1879, when the Democrats had control of both branches of Congress. The law of 1862 had given soldiers arrears of pensions back to date of injury, provided they applied within one year of its occurrence. Later this was amended so they might apply within three years. In 1868 the time was extended five years longer, and in 1874 a further extension of five years was given. All these acts had been passed by Republican Congresses. In 1878 Mr. Cummings, a Republican, introduced a bill repealing all limitations, but the Democratic committee in charge of it refused to report it. Mr. Haskall, a Republican, moved to discharge the committee and pass the bill. On this motion the vote stood: Democrats for the bill, 48; Democrats against the bill, 61; Republicans for the bill, 116; Republicans against the bill, none. Thus the bill passed by Republican votes; had the Democrats alone have voted upon it, it would have been overwhelmingly defeated.

Pensions of Widows.

The next great pension measure voted upon was the bill increasing the pensions of widows from $8 to $12 per month. On this bill the vote stood: Democrats for the bill, 80; Democrats against the bill, 66; Republicans for the bill, 118; Republicans against the bill, none. This vote was upon a proposition to suspend the rules and pass the bill. A motion of that kind requires a two-thirds vote to carry it. It thus appears that upon this proposition the bill would have been defeated had the Democrats alone voted upon it, for less than two-thirds of them supported it.

In the Forty-ninth Congress the Senate voted upon a bill to pension disabled dependent soldiers; on this the vote stood as follows: Democrats for the bill, 7; Democrats against the bill, 74; Republicans for the bill, 27; Republicans against the bill, none. In the same Congress a dependent pension bill was voted upon in the House. The vote upon this was: Democrats for the bill, 66; Democrats against the bill, 96; Republicans for the bill, 114; Republicans against the bill, none. A tabulation of the votes cast on the important pension bills since the beginning of the Forty-sixth Congress down, omitting some of the less important motions voted upon, gives the following totals, as shown by fourteen votes on various pension bills: Democrats for the bill, 501; Democrats against the bill, 962; Republicans for the bills, 1,291; Republicans against the bills, 2.

CONSUL JOHNSON REMOVED.

His Accounts and Conduct Cannot Stand Investigation.

Washington, Sept. 26.—It is stated at the department of State that Edmund Johnson has been removed from the consulate at Kehl, Germany, for false representation as to his military services, and for fraudulent practices as consul. The case has been under investigation by Secretary of State Foster for the past month, and definite action was taken on Saturday.

Recent charges as to his accounts and official conduct led to an investigation of his military service, which showed that his army record was bad; that he was not in the service at the time, and did not participate in the battles as alleged, and that the claim made as to his wounds was entirely unfounded. He was also found to be guilty of presenting fraudulent accounts as consul.

A SUICIDE AT WASHINGTON.

W. P. Canaday Shoots Himself Through the Head.

Washington, Sept. 27.—Wm. P. Canaday, of North Carolina, formerly sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, committed suicide here this morning by shooting himself through the head.

He had been in financial difficulties for some time.

DEMOCRATIC APPORTIONMENT

Of Indiana to be Tested by the Courts of the State.

Chicago, Sept. 24.—A special dispatch from Martinsville, Ind., says Charles Hamilton, in behalf of the state, filed a suit to-day against County Auditor Banta and Treasurer Lankford to test the constitutionality of the Democratic apportionment laws of 1885 and 1891. Similar suits will be filed in every county in the state where districts were affected by these measures.

O'Donnell Will Be Jailed.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 24.—Hugh O'Donnell, the Homestead strike leader, charged with murder and riot, was refused bail this morning by Judge Porter. O'Donnell will now be compelled to remain in jail until his trial.

GEN. POPE DEAD AT SANDUSKY.

One of the Republic's Most Valiant Defenders.

Sandusky, O., Sept. 24.—Maj.-Gen. John Pope died here last night at the Ohio Soldiers' Home in the household of Gen. M. F. Force, the commandant of the home. At his bedside were Mrs. Pope, Mrs. Force, sister to Mrs. Pope, and Gen. M. F. Force, brother-in-law to Gen. Pope. The deceased soldier has

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN POPE.

been with Gen. Force several months, suffering from nervous prostration. A month or so ago his malady was considered fatal, but its termination was scarcely expected so soon. Everything within the power of medical skill and loving care was done to battle against the disease which terminated his noble and distinguished life.

Gen. John Pope was born in Kentucky in 1823, and was in the 70th year of his age. Early in the war he had a command in the state of Missouri. In the early spring of 1862 he distinguished himself by successes at New Madrid, Mo., and in the advance upon Corinth, Mississippi, in May, 1862, he was one of the most ardent and aggressive of the division commanders under Halleck. It was he that led in the pursuit when the Confederates evacuated Corinth. In the same year he was transferred to the Eastern army in Virginia, and later was given a command in the Northwest. In Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and adjoining states are many survivors of his command at Island No. 10, and at Corinth, who will mourn his death.

CHINESE QUESTION DISCUSSED.

Action of the Government Deprecated.

Toronto, Sept. 27.—At yesterday afternoon's session of the Pan-Presbyterian Council the subjects taken up were of a specially interesting character. Rev. N. M. Steffens, D.D., of Holland City, Mich., read a paper on "The American Churches and Their Work Among European Emigrants," and Rev. H. J. Peutinike, D. D., of Cleveland, followed on the same subject.

They told what the church is doing in this connection, and strongly deprecated the too hasty Americanizing of aliens. An American citizen, they contended should be a Christian of the second generation.

It was the third paper, however, which proved fruitful of discussion. This was on "The Asiatics," by Rev. A. J. Kerr of San Francisco, Cal., who claimed that the spread of Christianity among the Chinese was sadly impeded by the manner in which the Chinese in America are treated by the government and people.

Dr. John Hall, of New York; Dr. Burchell, of Chattanooga, Tenn.; Dr. Phraner, of New York; Dr. Good, of Pennsylvania; Principal King, of Winnipeg; Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, and Dr. George, of Beaver Falls, Pa., discussed the Chinese question in a very vigorous manner.

Canadian speakers suggested that representations should be made to the government of Canada and of the United States in behalf of the Chinese, deprecating the manner in which they are treated by both governments.

Dr. George said the record of the United States in regard to the Chinese was as infamous as the Dred Scott decision. How could they think of Christianizing Chinamen when they would not let them come into the country? His cheek had burned with shame when Dr. Paton told them the other day that the American government had stood out altogether of the association that was formed to prevent firearms and liquors being introduced into the New Hebrides Islands. The time had come for the Presbyterian church to speak out and show the world where it stood in regard to these great evils.

CARNEGIE COMPANY OFFICIALS.

Arrested at Pittsburg Thursday Charged With Conspiracy.

Pittsburg, Sept. 22.—Burgess McLuckie, of Homestead, went before Alderman King, of the South Side, this afternoon and made information against Chairman H. C. Frick, Vice Chairman Leishman, Secretary Lovejoy and Messrs. Curry and Childs, all in the Carnegie Steel company, and charged them with aggravated riot and conspiracy.

It is presumed that the charge of riot is based upon the attempt to land the Pinkerton men on July 6, the day of the riot. Secretary Lovejoy was arrested about 1:30 o'clock this afternoon, and warrants were issued for the others. It is expected that they will surrender themselves this afternoon.

The Indicted Homesteaders Anxious.

Homestead, Pa., Sept. 22.—The action of the grand jury in returning true bills in 169 Homestead cases has caused a very profound sensation here, not unmixed with some apprehension. It was never for a moment thought that all the charges would be sustained by the grand jury, and now that all have been, speculation as to the possibility of conviction is engrossing many minds.

Up to this time, the Homesteaders paid little attention to the suits, and practically gave no thought to their defense, but the grand jury indictments brought before them the gravity of their position, there is a lively hustle to prove alibis and establish other sufficient grounds for defense, which will interpose between the defendants and the penitentiary.

A VERY SINGULAR ELOPEMENT.

Buffalo Barber Runs Away With His Grandmother.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 26.—Albert Wirtman, a barber 25 years old, has left the city with his grandmother, Mrs. George Wirtman, who is nearly 70 years old, but wealthy. Wirtman, though married and the father of two small children, is said to have been possessed of a fascination for his grandmother and her money.

She lived in a handsome house on William street, where her grandson spent a great deal of his time. His own home is not far distant, and his deserted wife and children are living in straightened circumstances. He spent last Monday evening at his grandmother's house, and early in the morning they took a west-bound train. They have not been heard of since. Three barbers employed in the barber shop where Wirtman worked have left town with relatives during the last two years, the elopers being a mother-in-law, an aunt and a sister-in-law.

Wrecked by Desperadoes.

Topeka, Sept. 21.—Passenger train No. 8, on the Atchison, Topeka & St. Fe railroad was wrecked by robbers three miles west of Osage City, this morning.

The train, consisting of a baggage, express and mail car, two day coaches, two chair cars and three sleepers, was thrown over an embankment three feet high, and the first six coaches telescoped. Four persons were killed outright and 25 seriously injured.

An examination of the track was made, and it was found that the fishplates had been carefully removed and the bolts taken out and spikes drawn from ten ties, and the rail bent over to the inside. Robbery was unquestionably the object. The train carried $1,000,000 in currency from the Mexican Central railway to its headquarters in Boston. In examining the ground about the wreck a spot was found where three men had laid in the grass, and tracks were found leading from this spot to the track. The section-house at Barclay was broken into last night and a crowbar, wrench and sledgehammer stolen. All of these tools except the crowbar were found, and the fishplates and bolts were discovered. Many of the wounded will die.

GEN. WEAVER

Greeted With Missiles and Spoiled Eggs—No Free Speech in the South According to His Statement.

Atlanta Ga., Sept. 24.—Gen. Weaver has evidently become convinced that the South is no place for political missionary work. Accompanied by Mrs. Lease, of Kansas, he has been speaking throughout the central Southern states, but he has put an abrupt termination to his tour. Last night he flatly refused to address an audience of 5,000, which had gathered at the state Capitol to hear him.

He declared that there was no free speech in the South, notwithstanding the fact that the audience assured him of respectful hearing. To this was added the assurance of Gov. Northen and Chairman Atkins, of the Democratic state committee, that he would have a fair hearing.

Gen. Weaver has addressed the following letter to Chairman Irwin, of the Georgia People's party committee:

Dear Sir:—At the urgent request of your committee I entered this state on the 20th instant for the purpose of addressing the people of Georgia upon the political situation, and the issues involved in the present national campaign. The places named for said meetings were Waycross, Albany, Columbus, Macon, Atlanta, Madison, Augusta and Elberton. I find the spirit of organized rowdyism at some of the points visited within the state, so great as to render it inadvisable for me to attempt to fill the engagements at the points not already reached.

Personal indignity was threatened at Waycross, but was suppressed by the attendance of a large number of our friends and the careful management of Mr. Reid, the local chairman. At Albany we met a howling mob, which refused to accord us a respectful and uninterrupted hearing. Our meeting at Columbus was a grand success, thanks to the superior management of Mr. A. J. Thornton. About 3,000 people attended this meeting and gave us respectful and enthusiastic attention.

At Macon the conduct of the mob which greeted our advent into that city was simply disgraceful beyond description. Rotten eggs were thrown prior to the introduction of the speaker, one of which struck Mrs. Weaver upon the head. Eggs were thrown repeatedly, and during the continuance of the mob turbulent crowds continued to howl and hoot until past midnight. At Atlanta a similar crowd of rowdies gathered at the point of meeting, bent on tumult and disorder. Learning of this, Mrs. Lease and myself refused to appear, either in the forenoon or evening. I am convinced that similar treatment awaits us at the points not yet visited. I decline to meet said appointments. The members of our party, although apparently in the majority in the state, are unable to secure for us a peaceful and respectful hearing.

I wish to call especial attention to the fact that the disorder is almost exclusively confined to young roughs who infest the towns and who are incited to violence by persons who keep in the background. The country people are uniformly respectful and anxious to hear. It is especially worthy of note that the disorderly conduct does not proceed from the ex-Confederate soldiers, who are manly, almost without exception, in their conduct and generally in sympathy with our movement.

The police force, at the disorderly points named, made no effort, so far as is known, to preserve good order. In some instances they gave open countenance to the tumult. I think it is but fair to say that many good people who are not in sympathy with the People's party openly denounce these outrages, but they seem powerless to assert themselves. The mayor of Waycross made every effort to protect our meeting at that point.

J. B. WEAVER.

PECK'S ARREST.

The Evidence on Which Peck Was Indicted—The Question Is: Did the Papers Belong to the State?

New York, Sept. 23.—The Herald's Albany correspondent says in regard to Labor Commissioner's case: "The real reliance of the prosecution is on the burned fragments of paper taken from the furnace, which Stenographer Rogers temporarily turned into a crematory. Some of these fragments have been photographed, and show clearly that records of Mr. Peck's office were destroyed by burning. On these fragments, which are of the exact color, texture and print of the forms sent out by Mr. Peck's bureau to collect information for its tariff report, appear parts of written answers to his questions. Some show the words 'infants' wear,' indicating the industry to which the query was addressed.

"Others have the figures 1890 and 1891, showing the years embraced in the inquiry. By far the most damaging testimony is furnished by a great mass of the fragments that are too much charred to permit of photographing. On these blackened pieces can be distinctly read the names of New York and Brooklyn firms engaged in the woolen and clothing business. At present these fragments are held sacred, and are kept alike from the air and the public gaze in the big fireproof safe of the district attorney's office.

Nature of the Evidence.

"The nature of the evidence on which the Police court warrant for Commissioner Peck was secured, and on which he was indicted by the grand jury is now for the first time made public. It consists of several affidavits, which show that a number of bundles of documents were removed from the commissioner's office to his residence; that they were stored for some time in his bath-room, and that they were finally burned. The leading witness against Peck is the janitor of his apartment house. He swears that Stenographer Rogers asked him on Sunday, the 11th inst., to burn some papers. Denison, the janitor, asked if they could be burned in the kitchen stove, and Rogers replied: 'No, I don't want anybody to know about this.'

"Denison then agreed to make a fire in the furnace. Some twenty or twenty-five packages wrapped in manilla paper and marked with numbers in blue pencil. Denison didn't scrutinize the packages closely because Rogers stood over him while he was taking them out. He noticed however, that the blue pencil marks showed the number of documents in each package, and that the numbers ran from 1 to 80 and from 80 to 100, and so on. The janitor swears that when he had removed about half the packages from the bath-room, where they had been placed, Mr. Peck came into his apartment and remained there in a position to see everything that was going on, but said nothing. 'It looked,' said the janitor, 'as if he had told Mr. Rogers to have me do it.'

Testimony of a corroborative nature was given by Miss Kate Shaffer, a clerk in the bureau. Her description of the blanks tallies exactly with that given by the janitor of those that he destroyed by order of Stenographer Rogers.

Similar testimony was given by other clerks in the office and an expressman described to the jury what kind of packages he carried from the commissioner's office to the room from which they were taken for burning. His testimony tallies closely with that given by the janitor.

Albany, N. Y., Sept. 22.—Labor Commissioner Peck did not appear in court, as was expected he would to-day, and an adjournment was taken until to-morrow.

The district attorney says the bench warrant for Peck's arrest indicates that the sealed indictment returned yesterday is against Mr. Peck.

A WOOLY WILD MAN CAPTURED.

Tennessee Woods Produce a Remarkable Animal.

Memphis, Tenn., Sept. 21.—A wild man was captured by some farmers in the woods some miles from here last night. He is a negro, apparently about 45 years old, over six feet high and of powerful mould. His face is partially covered with tufts of black wool, and his hair is long and matted. He is barefooted, barefooted, and wears but one garment, a ragged, weather stained and filthy shirt, which is girted about his loins with a pelt of paw-paw bark. He has uttered no intelligible sound since he was captured, but snarls and moans like a wild beast.

HAMBURG POLLUTED,

And the Chain of Pollution Grows With Every Link—The Water System of the Beleaguered City.

London, Sept. 27.—The Times special correspondent in Hamburg, in describing the sewerage and water systems of the city says: "The cisterns are choked with solid matter. In fact the chain of pollution grows with every link. The water in the river is cleaner than that in the water-works; there is cleaner water in the water-works than in the mains, and that in the mains is cleaner than that in the houses. Only one thing was wanted. It was to provide an entrance of cholera poison into the water system. This was arranged. The in-take is so situated that at flood tide matter from the sewage outfalls can reach it."

The correspondent's points are graphically put. He says: "In Hamburg houses the sewage runs out at the basement and in again at the roof, after a little tour of the river and water-works. This criminal state of things has been notorious for fifteen or twenty years. New water-works are planned, but little else. They are not likely to be completed for two years. Whether they will be effective is a question for engineers, but the fact stands that Altona is in a worse position with regard to sewage, but has escaped the scourge by virtue of having power water-works.

IS BRISK WITH EXCITEMENT.

New Cases of Cholera Reported at Quarantine.

Quarantine, S. I., Sept. 27.—Dr. Jenkins has just received the following bulletin from Dr. Byron:

"Transferred from sick to convalescent ward, 2; admitted from Bohemia, 2; died in hospital, 1; sick patients convalescent and suspects, 32; names admitted: Marianna Lukeowska, aged 7 years, Bohemia; Stanilaus Michsarch, aged 8 years, died two and a half hours after admission September 27, 1:20 p. m."

Last night the port of New York was declared free of cholera, and Drs. Abbott, Byron and Deland wired a message of congratulation to Health Officer Jenkins. This morning cholera is again reported to have broken out on board the Bohemia, and two new cases have occurred. These are the first cases since the 20th of the month, and Quarantine, which was sinking into a state of lethargic quietude is again brisk with excitement.

At an early hour this morning Superintendent Byrnes and Inspector Williams arrived at Upper Quarantine on board the Patrol. They were joined by Dr. Jenkins, and a start was made for the lower bay, where they remained some time. Dr. Jenkins was landed at the pier at the upper station just after 9 o'clock, and his face at once showed that there had been some new developments. When questioned, Dr. Jenkins gravely said that there were two new cases on board the Bohemia. He had expected to have moved the steerage passengers from her yesterday, but the heavy gale that was blowing prevented it being done. They will be removed to-day, however.

Two Cases in Texas.

San Antonio, Tex., Sept. 27.—Dr. R. M. Sweringer, state health officer, has forwarded a report to Governor J. L. Hogg. He had attended two cases of suspected cholera. One was Sam Harris, who died September 25. The other was Charles Hausler, a German who came from Germany via Havre. He is improving, but the doctors say they believe him to have sporadic cholera.

Twenty New Cases.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 27.—Twenty new cases of cholera and two deaths were reported here yesterday. Compared with Sunday's figures yesterday's returns show an increase of three cases and a decrease of eight deaths. Yesterday's death list was the smallest since the disease appeared in an epidemic form in this city.

Monday's Figures.

Hamburg, Sept. 27.—Monday's cholera figures are: New cases, 197; deaths, 89; patients in hospitals, 2,137. Families who had fled from the city in alarm are now returning to their homes.

HOT SHOT FROM POWDERLY.

Declares That the Democratic Party is the Foe of Labor.

New York, Sept. 24.—Grand Master Workman Powderly, aroused by the statement that the Democratic national committee was distributing as a campaign document, part of his article on "Labor and Protection," in the North American Review, has come out with a letter in which he emphatically denies any championship of the Democratic party, which he denounces as the foe of labor, and incidentally pays his respects to Chairman Harrity and Governor Pattison.

Mr. Powderly denounces Harrity as defeating the will of the people of Pennsylvania by opposing the constitutional convention. "It was Mr. Harrity," he says, "who framed that part of the Democratic platform of 1891 which sidetracked a constitutional convention for everything except a change in the ballot numbering clause."

"Can you tell me where Cleveland stands on the tariff question?"

"I don't think he knows where he stands. He is at sea. I used to admire that man, but since his meddlesome interference with the silver question I have lost confidence in him. As between the Republican and Democratic parties I am a Republican this time."

The stand Powderly takes will create a sensation in labor circles. He has always been a Democrat.

A DEMOCRATIC LIE NAILED.

James G. Blaine Paired off With a Democratic Friend.

Augusta, Me., Sept. 21.—The following appeared in this morning's Kennebec Journal:

"Bar Harbor, Sept. 19, 1892.

"To the Editor of the Kennebec Journal:

"It has been stated by many journals that I did not vote at the late election. My voting place is Augusta. It would have taken three days and 250 miles of travel to go there, register and vote. Instead of doing that, a Democratic friend 'paired off' with me, and I thus saved my vote and a good deal of time, too. Very respectfully,

"JAMES G. BLAINE."

A RIVAL TO THE STANDARD.

Independent Pipe Line to the Seaboard From Bradford.

Bradford, Pa., Sept. 22.—The new United States Pipe-Line company is an anti-Standard corporation, that will revolutionize oil affairs in the near future, according to the promises of its promoters. Its aim is to lay a pipe-line at short time from Bradford to the seaboard for the transfer of oil from the wells to the Eastern and foreign markets. The enterprise has been a pet scheme of oil producers for years. The new company has enlisted the aid of American and European capitalists.

FELL TWO HUNDRED FEET,

Awful Accident in a Mine at Bessemer, Mich.

Bessemer, Mich., Sept. 26.—Four men fell two hundred feet down a shaft in the Erueka mine in Bessemer township, yesterday, and were killed. They were: Frank Bender, John Leorn, Julius McKaley and John Random. Two of them were married and leave families.

Egan Is Coming Home.

New York, Sept. 22.—A cable to the Herald from Panama says: United States minister to Chile, Patrick Egan, arrived here to-day. He will leave for the United States at the first opportunity.

Granite Strike Ended.

Barre, Vt., Sept. 24.—The last act in the troubled granite industry occurred yesterday afternoon when representatives of the union and the association signed the bill of the prices and agreement, thus ending a long, bitter contest of five months duration.

Finance and Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The movement of currency from New York to the West continued last week. The country banks, which a few months ago deposited their idle money in New York institutions because they were unable to find better rates for it than the 2 per cent offered by the city banks to country customers, are drawing it out rapidly. The demand for money to move the crops this year is brisk, and more will be needed than last year. The reason is, that last year there was a heavier foreign demand for grain, and the export trade was very brisk. This year these conditions do not obtain so largely, and the grain must be carried instead of being sold. The banks must furnish the funds to carry it, instead of selling it immediately in Europe, and drawing bills of exchange against it. Cotton shares in these conditions, to some extent, and it must be carried as well as the grain. Call loans closed in New York Saturday at 3@4 per cent, and time money at 4 1-2 for two and three months, and 5 per cent for four and five months.

The scarcity of loanable funds led to foreign bankers in New York drawing sterling bills to a considerable extent, selling them and loaning out the money. This supply of exchange weakened the market considerably, and has effectually precluded any possibility of gold exports for some time in the future. The increased supply of funds prevented an undue stiffening of interest rates, and has thus avoided any spasm of stringency in the money market.

The stock market has recovered from the cholera scare, and there was a moderate improvement in values, with no great activity. Holders of securities evince no disposition to sell, as they believe the future must bring better prices, and there is an absence of speculative manifestation on the floor of the exchange.

The silver market showed but little change during the week. The demand from India slackened considerably, but this was partly made up by the regular monthly purchases by the government. The supply from the mines continues normal. The latest quotation at New York was 83 1-4 cents per fine ounce of 480 grains, which is equal to 64.4 cents for the value of the pure metal in the United States dollar.

IMPROVEMENT IN OUR TRADE.

Dun's Weely Review Shows an Encouraging Outlook.

New York, Sept. 24.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The alarm about cholera has vanished, and trade in every direction shows all the improvement that was expected. The South is a little dull because cotton is low in price and late, but a little improvement has been seen during the past week. In a few quarters at the West farmers are holding back wheat for higher prices so that collections are retarded. But the general tenor of advices is exceedingly favorable. The volume of business continues larger than a year ago. Collections are exceptionally good on the whole, and although money is inactive, and in increasing demand at nearly all points, the supply is ample for all legitimate needs. Gold exports have ceased, foreign exchange has declined, and the money market is at present without disturbing features.

Speculation is not on the whole active enough to have a disturbing influence. Wheat has recovered 1 3-8 cents, but sales here have been only 6,000,000 bushels. Western receipts in four days have been 5,700,000 bushels, while the exports from Atlantic ports have been 953,000. Foreign advices no longer promise an unusual demand.

Corn has declined 2 1-4 and oats 3-4 of a cent. Speculation in cotton has been large, sales reaching 750,000 bales, and the price has been advanced 3-16 by the covering of short sales. Pork products are a shade stronger. In coffee speculation has advanced the price a cent and a quarter.

The business failures occurring throughout the country during the last seven days number 211, as compared with totals of 182 last week. For the corresponding week of last year the figures were 244.

BEYOND THE DANGER LINE.

Iowa's Corn Crop is Now Considered Safe.

Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 27.—The closing bulletin of the season, issued today by the Iowa weather service, says the daily temperature averaged 11 degrees above normal and the rainfall was generally very light, thus hastening the ripening of belated corn. The bulk of the crop is now beyond the danger of frost. There will be, however, more than the usual amount of soft and shrunken corn.

The area planted this year was nearly six and a half million acres, which was materially reduced by the heavy rains early in the season. The bureau estimates the total yield to be not more than 175,000,000, or nearly two-thirds of an average crop, or about one-half of last year's crop. Rain is greatly needed for pasturage, for the germination of fall wheat and to facilitate plowing.

REPORT OF THE COTTON CROP.

In Most Sections the Crop is in Good Condition.

St. Louis, Sept. 23.—The Republic this morning says of the cotton crop prospects: There has been no decided change in the condition of cotton since last week. In the Memphis, Mobile, New Orleans and Texas districts the favorable weather for picking has lasted the entire week, but as a general thing it did not have much beneficial effect on the poorer crops. Wherever the crop is good the weather helped it immeasurably, but only in such crops is this desirable change noticeable. As has been the case for weeks Texas sends the most cheering news of the cotton states; there packing is progressing nicely. In the Memphis district the crop has held its own and in the Mobile section all classes of crops are vastly improved.

Wool Market Open.

San Angelo, Tex., Sept. 26.—The fall wool market has opened here. Seventy-five thousand pounds have been sold, prices ranging from 14 to 16 cents, which was regulated by the shrinkage and quality of the staple. The wool receipts to date foot up over 500,000 pounds, and is arriving at the rate of 75,000 to 100,000 pounds daily.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE,
Toledo, O., Sept. 27, 1892.

The following shows changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Sept. 27.	Sept. 20.
U. S. 4's compons	115½	115
U. S. 4's registered	113½	114
U. S. 2's registered	100 bid	100 bid
Pacific 6's '95	107 bid	107

Condition of the Grain Market Up to the Close This Afternoon.

The markets for wheat were dull, and notwithstanding the fact that Liverpool was higher all American markets were weak. On large receipts and fine weather corn moved downward.

At Chicago October wheat opened at 74 5-8c, and dropped to 74 1-4c; at Toledo September wheat sold at 75 1-4c, 1-4c decline, and at St. Louis it sold at 60 1-2c, 1c down.

Options in corn at Chicago opened 1-8c under yesterday, at 46c, and dropped to 45 3-4c.

Close To-day.

There were dull markets at all points, this afternoon, for wheat with a trifle steadier feeling at the close. Corn was dull, closing at best figures.

At Chicago September wheat closed at the top, at 74¼c; at St. Louis it was at highest price, at 69⅝c, and at Toledo it was at the highest point of the day, at 75¼c; September wheat at New York closed at 79¼c.

September corn at Chicago closed at 46c, the highest price, and at New York it was at 53¼c.

The Northwestern Miller reports the stock of wheat in private elevators of Minneapolis at 949,000 bu., an increase over last Monday of over 600,000 bu. This makes the total stock in Minneapolis and Duluth 6,178,322 bu., a gain of 207,318 bu. for the week.

The Montreal Trade Bulletin says: Private advices from different sections in Manitoba state that about 90 per cent of the wheat crop is already stacked in splendid condition, and that many farmers are about through with their fall plowing. A few deliveries have been made by farmers at 55c per bushel, but it is expected that it will be several weeks before much is marketed. It is now generally conceded that Manitoba will have more No. 1 hard wheat for sale this season than in any former year, and it is to be hoped that the good name of Manitoba wheat will not be injured by mixing old wheat with it, a large quantity of which has been held over from last year.

The exports of wheat from India during the past week were 240,000 bu., of which 80,000 bu. were to the United Kingdom and 120,000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments for the corresponding week in 1891 were 1,420,000 bu. The total shipments since April 1 were 23,220,000 bu., of which 14,140,000 bu. were to the United Kingdom and 9,080,000 bu. to the Continent. The total shipments for the corresponding time last year were 33,000,000 bu., of which 13,900,000 bu were to the United Kingdom and 19,100,000 bu. to the Continent.

THE DAY ON WALL STREET.

Close of the Stock Market at New York This Afternoon.

Noon—Money easy at 3@4 per cent. Sterling exchange quiet and steady at $4.85¼ for 60-day bills and $4.86¾ for demand; posted rates, $4.86@4.88. The tone of the stock market became heavy after 11 o'clock, and decided weakness appeared in Northern Pacific preferred, which at 49¾ was 1¾ per cent below its opening figure. A firmer tone marked the late dealings, but there was little movement, though Colorado Coal was a feature, and at 29¾ showed a gain of 1¾ per cent from its first price. At noon the market was dull and barely steady at the decline.

Sales to noon: Listed, 14,400; unlisted, 15,100.

	Opening.	Highest.	Lowest.	Close
A. C. O.	44⅝	....	....	44
At	377